THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1049

JANUARY 9, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

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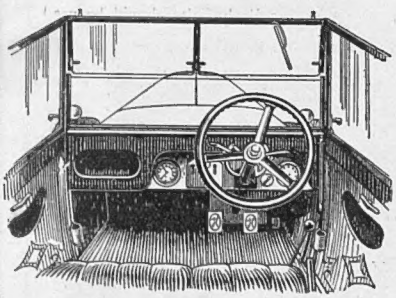

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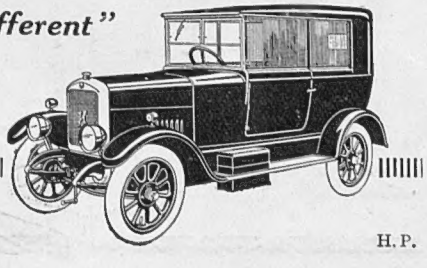

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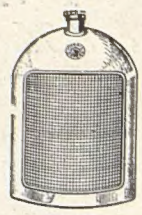

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DESIGNED as a true, all-purpose carriage, equally suitable for Winter and Summer, Town or Country, this new MORRIS-OXFORD Cabriolet makes a peculiarly wide appeal during these bitter weeks. The body work is of a very high order, light in construction yet with sufficient rigidity to ensure absence of rattle The upholstery is of the first quality. Frameless, mechanically operated windows are fitted and the front seats are adjustable. It is an exceedingly lively car to drive, and fitted with the famous MORRIS Equipment, it sets up, at the price of £385 complete, an entirely new standard in motor-values.

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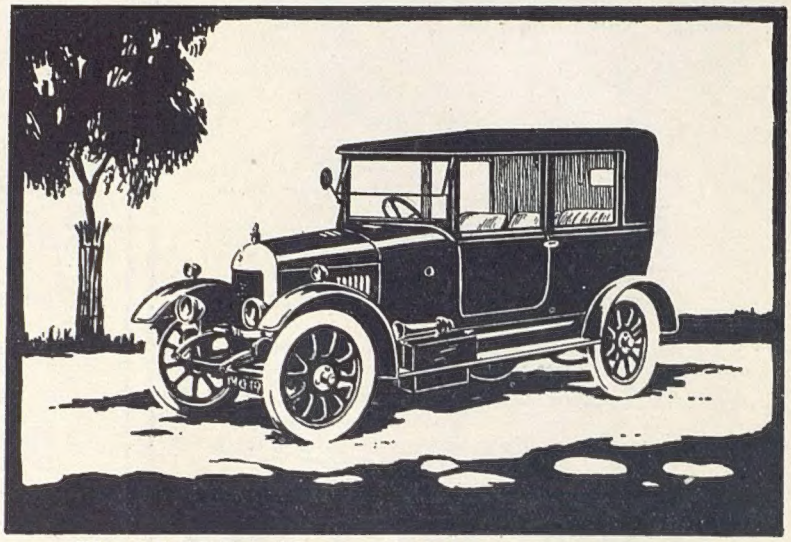

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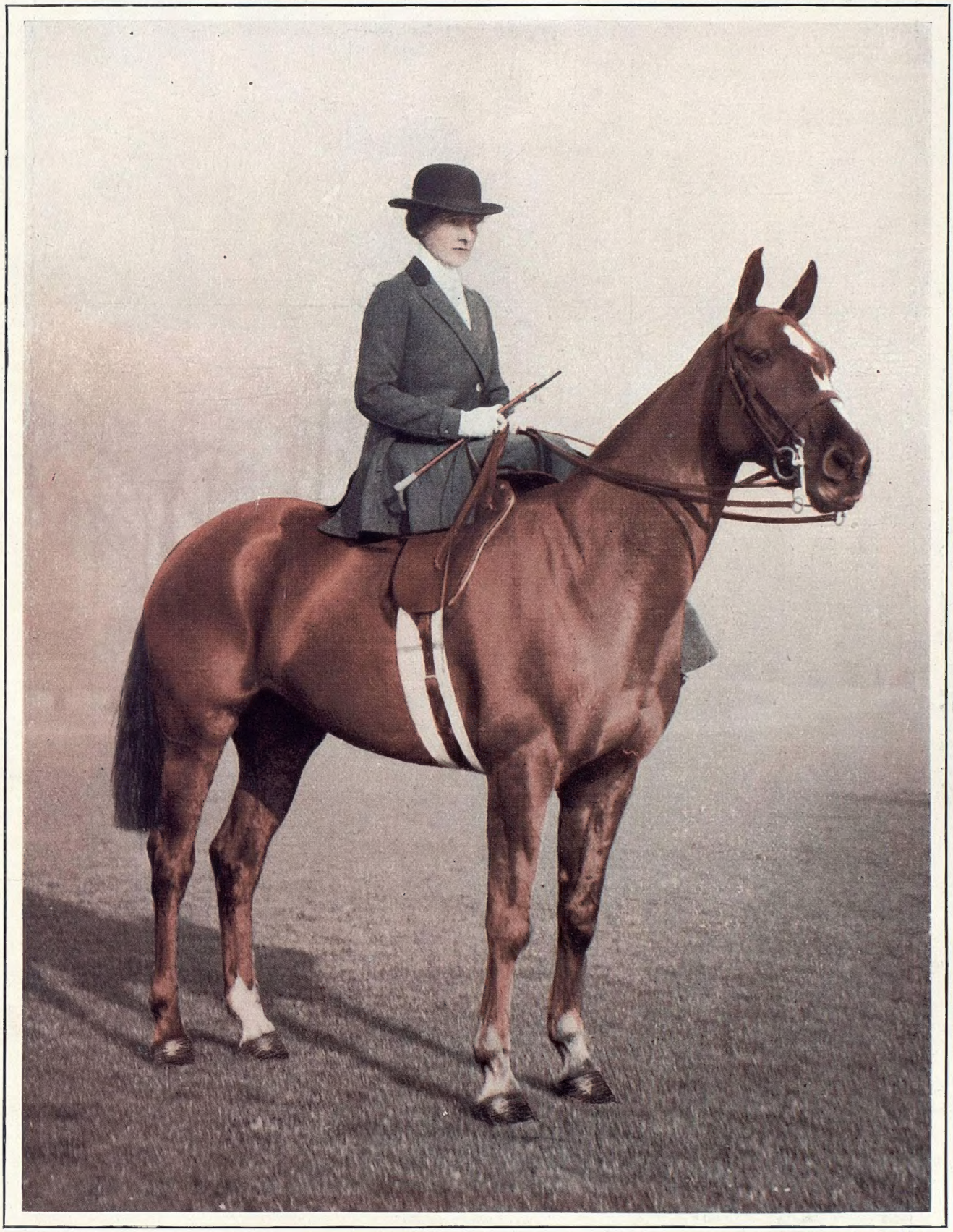
A.S.P.S.

The Bystander, January 9, 1924 No. 1049. Vol. LXXXI.

The BYSTANDER



Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

LADY FITZWILLIAM

The wife of Earl Fitzwilliam, who is the Master of the Wentworth and the Grove Hounds. Lady Fitzwilliam, the younger daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, is herself a keen horsewoman

When Labour Rules

BY BLAM

A LEISURELY WEEK-END AT CHEQUERS

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Taking Stock

THE New Year being a week old, we can begin to view it with an impartial eye. In the first flush of enthusiasm, born of rum punch and "Auld Lang Syne," we are apt to overestimate its possibilities, but, in the cold and chilly light of a new week the first, faint rose tints have been dissipated in a shower of bills and things.

Optimists and Pessimists

THE man who said of the Old Year: "Well, thank Goodness that's over!" as Big Ben was being broadcasted, was not the Pessimist you might suppose. He was an Optimist, in that he hoped for better things in the future. The real Pessimist was the gentleman who expressed himself as satisfied with the record of the past twelve months. *He* had no such illusions.

Play On!

I SPENT one of the early days of 1924 at a football match, and, during the game, the two teams got rather tied in a knot. A certain amount of ill-feeling was creeping in, when a leather-lunged gentleman from the crowded bank opposite urged everyone concerned to "Play On!" A simple incident, but if I were preaching a New Year's sermon I would look no further for my text. Play On! Don't be put off the joy in hand by the feeling that you aren't getting your rights. Don't stop to quarrel. Don't copy those bad men whose motto seems to be: "Kick him! He's still breathing!" Play On! I give you this watchword for 1924. Keep the ball rolling. The referee can be trusted to control the game. Play On!

Pity the Big Man

AS I followed the fortunes of the game I noticed how a certain famous player was being attended to by members of the opposing team. They dogged his every footstep. Time and again his intentions were frustrated by odds of three to one against. Lesser players might hop nimbly down the wing and earn the plaudits of the crowd, but the big star was bottled up most completely. And it occurred to me that success in your particular walk of life is not an unmixed blessing. The opposition concentrates on you to an extent undreamed-of. Life becomes a burden and results can only be achieved by the maximum of effort. Don't waste too much sympathy on the big man.

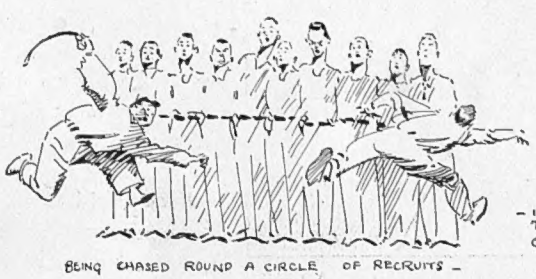
An Apt Quotation

EILLE NORWOOD, who plays Sherlock Holmes so convincingly, was looking at one of those tear-off calendars, when he came upon this very apt allusion to the political situation, culled, as you are, of course, aware from *Coriolanus*:

> My soul aches
> To know when two authorities are up,
> Neither supreme, how soon confusion
> May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
> The one by the other.

Cow-Punching and Crowns

WE should be taking a lively interest in the matrimonial affairs of Prince Erik of Denmark, for he might just as easily have lost his heart in England as in Canada. While he was learning farming in Gloucestershire, this very democratic young man mixed freely with the farmers and their families, being very popular in the Cirencester area. This democratic tendency was no pose with Prince Erik, and he will have taken to life on his ranch as a duck takes to water. His occasional visits to the Great Ones of our



social world were always marked by a certain reluctance to depart and an obvious delight in the return. If he had to choose between cow-punching and a crown, he would not hesitate for a moment—and a very good judge, too.

A Thousand Pities

TALKING of the countryside, I gather that there is a good deal of feeling in certain parts because owners of famous herds have been allowed to experiment in the matter of finding a cure for foot-and-mouth disease while lesser owners have had their animals ruthlessly exterminated. Given proper precautions, I am all in favour of experimental treatment, which must obviously be confined to certain well-defined areas. It would be a thousand pities if any suspicion of class-feeling were allowed to creep into the fight that is being waged against the dreaded scourge which threatens to deal a mortal blow to our cattle-breeding and our milk supply.

A Rhyming Review

FREDERICK LONSDALE, who writes the books for the big musical shows at Daly's, is at present in London keeping an eye on *Madame Pompadour*, which, apparently, requires the post-production attention demanded by most plays of its *genre*. Lonsdale has made a big success in New York with *Aren't We All* and *Spring Cleaning*, which will anon be seen in London, and which has had its story summarised thusly by an American bard :

> The lovely creature, Margaret Sones,
> Married ten years and somewhat bored,
> Is listening to the booming tones
> Of her stern-minded over-lord.
> Seeks recreation with a crew
> Who's morals are distinctly shady,
> And wonders what she ought to do—
> Cut loose or stay a perfect lady.

Physical Jerks

MOST of us have a personal interest in the doings of Colonel R. B. Campbell, who has just retired from the position of Director of Combats at the Olympia Tournament, for he was the genius who started us playing games during the P.T. classes in the war period. What a humanising element he introduced into the dull routine of army training ! Myself, I have the liveliest recollection of a large, fat man, slightly gone at the hocks (aged), being chased round a circle of recruits by an agile youngster with a strap. As they sang in *Ta Bouche*, " that was a thing I never shall forget," for *I* was the fat man, and I have not the slightest doubt in the world that the violent exercise entailed added years to my life. To the Colonel, I extend my best wishes for the New Year, coupled with the hope that he will enjoy a long and happy retirement.

"DILLY DALLY! DILLY DALLY! COME AND BE KILLED!" By BLAM

These Two Beauties

A TRIFLE slangy, don't you think, the reference in my evening paper to the quarrel between Lady Diana Cooper and Princess Whatsername as to which of them shall play the Madonna on the first night of *The Miracle*. " These two beauties," I read, " will draw lots to decide which of them shall have the honour." These two beauties, indeed !

Certainly Not !

IT is suggested that laundries should start departments to replace collars they spoil—at the expense of the owner, *bien entendu*. But isn't that rather encouraging them to wreak further vengeance upon the unoffending linen ? You might as well encourage your doctor to start in business as an undertaker—just as a side-line.

Those Field Signs

SPEAKING as one who loves the rolling English road, I extend the glad hand

Photograph **THE LATE EARL OF JERSEY AND HIS FAMILY** *British Illus.*

A family group showing the late earl (*left*), the Hon. Mansel Villiers, Lady Villiers and Viscount Grandison, who has now become the ninth earl. The late earl, who was noted for his interest in the Turf and owned large racing stables, was a partner in the famous banking firm of Child and Co., and a J.P. and D.L. for Oxfordshire

of sincere congratulation to the leading motor spirit firms who have led the way in the removal of those abominations of desolation—the advertising field signs. Some of the principal thoroughfares leading out of London were becoming absolutely intolerable, and I have always wondered how long we should put up with it. The motor spirit firms, who benefit most largely by the use of the roads, were wise to start this particular crusade, for motoring had been robbed of much of its charm, and, but for their public-spirited action, would soon have ceased to exist as a popular pastime.

Lucky Gods

THE other evening I was passing a famous theatre, and, the gallery door standing invitingly open, I joined the gods in their lofty eyrie. It was a musical show, staged in lavish fashion, and I was surprised to find into what a perfect picture the *tout ensemble* resolved tself, when seen from afar. Undoubtedly, said I, distance *does* lend enchantment, and I registered a vow to repeat the experiment on the earliest possible occasion. The slightest whisper came up to us; the notes of the singers gained in transit, and the fore-shortening of the players and scenery was delicious. As to the leading lady, *she* looked like a rare piece of Dresden china—such a piece as you could hold on the palm of your hand and admire for an hour. Pity the gods? Not I!

Who Would Be a King?

ON another night I occupied a seat in a box, and why people pay to sit in boxes I can't imagine. The obvious answer being, I suppose, that they don't. Certainly the majority of occupants nowadays are deadheads, and while they may enjoy the novelty of their luxurious surroundings, they certainly cannot appreciate the play from such an angle of disadvantage. True, they are seen, and, let us hope, admired by the rest of the house, but, for the rest, they see little that they should and much — including the limelight man — that they should not. The only reason I don't want to be a king is that I should have to do all my theatre-going in this uncomfortable fashion.

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"BRIGHTER THAN EVER."—*Daily Mirror.*"

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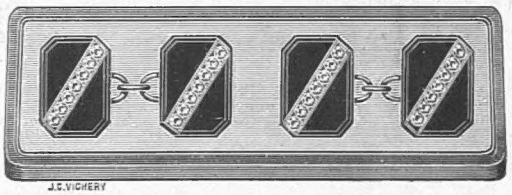

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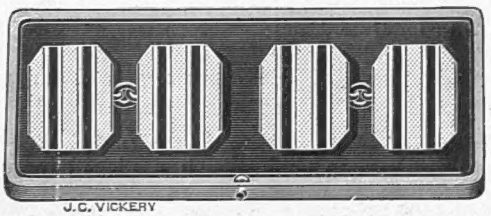

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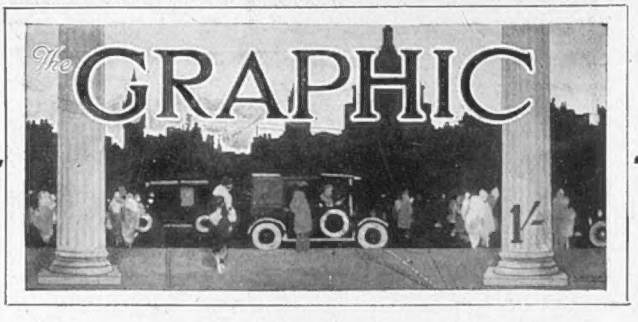

JANUARY 12, 1924,
will contain, among other features:—
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A STRIKING CARTOON BY MATT
CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA
Fine Drawing by GILBERT HOLIDAY
WAR'S EFFECT ON ART
A GROUP OF VETERAN GEOLOGISTS
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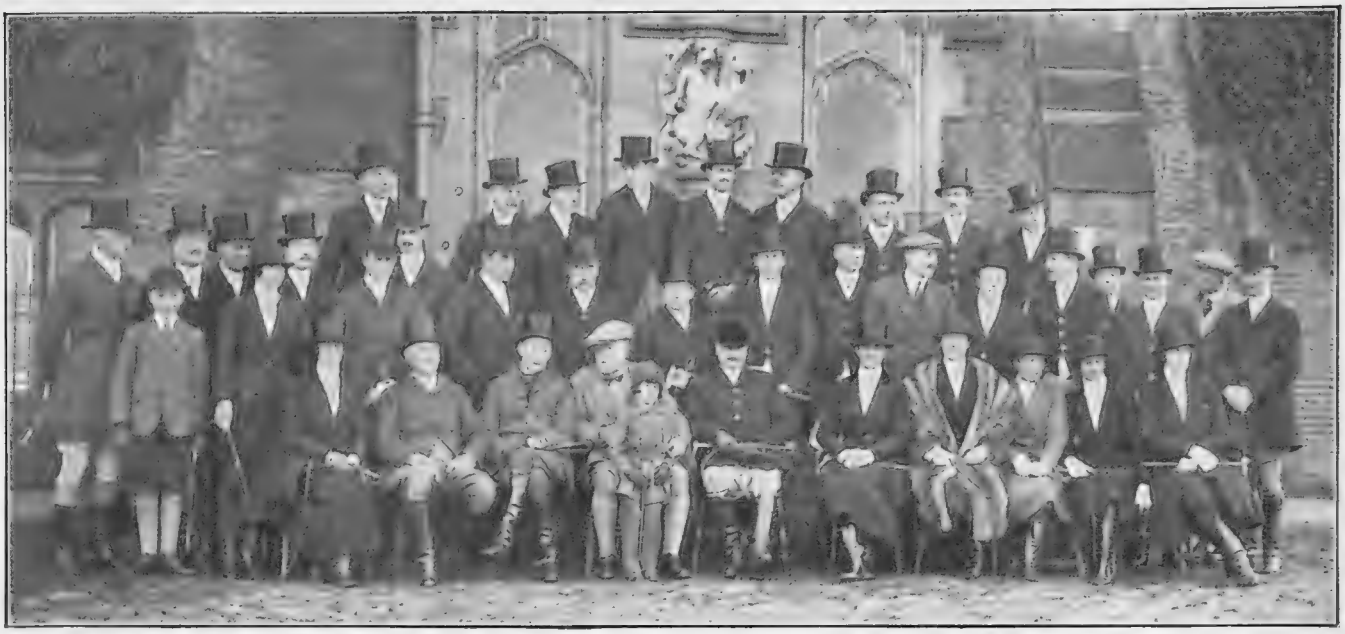


Photograph] DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE *[Photo Illus.*

Followers of the Crawley and Horsham marshalled before the camera at the meet held at West Grinstead Park. The owner of the seat, Mr. J. P. Hornung, is the fourth figure from the left in the front row

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Royal Hunt Ball

HUNTING may have been stopped in a good many places by foot-and-mouth disease, but the holding-up of hunting, happily, makes no difference to the hunt balls, which are now taking place all over the country.

The nearness of the West Norfolk to Sandringham gives a particular cachet to their ball at King's Lynn, and this year it was exceptionally brilliant. The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York were there, having dined first with Colonel and Mrs. Seymour at Barwick House, Stanhoe, and the King and Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf were also present.

All the houses round about were filled for the ball. The Countess of Leicester brought a party from Holkham Hall, the Countess of Romney one from Gayton Hall. Other hostesses and hosts were Lady Florence Hare at Gressenhall House, Lady Hastings at Melton Constable Park, Sir Eustace Gurney at Walsingham Abbey, and Sir Neville Jodrell at Stanhoe Hall.

Pessimist *v.* Optimist

THE spirit in which a good many people are looking forward to this New Year reminds one of the line in an advertisement of a certain patent medicine, "pains in the small of the back and gloomy forebodings." And, if rumour is to be believed, some of the panicky inclined are already transferring their pennies and investments into other countries, having convinced themselves that by the end of 1924 nobody will be allowed by Act of Parliament to possess more than £5,000!

So much for the pessimists. The optimists tell us that London will have a record summer because of the Empire Exhibition at Wembley, with hotels *choc-à-bloc* and people from all the ends of the earth falling over one another to get furnished houses and flats. They likewise predict a brilliant London season.

As generally happens, the actuality will probably lie between the pessimists and the optimists — not quite so gloomy as the wailings of the first, not quite so rosy as the hopes of the second. One thing, however, is certain, no Government has ever been awaited with such anxiety by the

Photograph *Alfieri*

A NON-POLITICAL PARTY

The Countess of Clancarty with her three children all dressed up for the "Peter Pan Party" which was held at Claridge's last week. The Hon. Power Le Poer Trench (left), The Hon. Brinsley Le Poer Trench, Lady Clancarty and Lady Alma Le Poer Trench

Photograph] IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING *[Sport and General*

Mrs. Wingfield Digby (left) Miss Pell, Miss Clark Kennedy, Mr. J. P. Pemberton, Miss A. Missell and Maj. E. G. Pemberton, at a meet of the Blackmore Vale at Stour cross roads. Although the dog at the left was allowed to pose before the camera, his qualifications for running with hounds were sadly lacking

Photograph *Central News*

A SWISS STROLL

Sir John Simon (right) with his son and daughter in one of the main streets of Pontresina. After the bracing cold of Switzerland, Sir John will doubtless enjoy a hot spell of work in the world of party politics

Photograph *Topical*

AFTER THE RUN

Miss Muriel Stuart (left), Miss Effie Hancock and Miss Nan Freeland "present skis" after a little strenuous exercise in the snow at St. Moritz

Photograph *Central News*

THE SLEIGH DAY OF YOUTH

Miss Elspeth Malcolmson initiates her sister Nancy into the art of sleighing at Pontresina. Their mother, the Hon. Mrs. Malcolmson, is a sister of Lord Belper

Stock Exchange as the Labour Government. Society practically depends on the influence of the Stock Exchange on investments for its bread and butter, and for the little that is left over from taxation which enables it to offer its friends an occasional cutlet. If the value of stocks and shares go tumbling down because of a Labour Government then the London season will have no brilliance at all—very much the contrary.

But all this is on the knees of the gods, so why go along the road to meet it?

Concerning Clubs

THE beginning of the year has brought up once more the critical position of some of the older clubs. Even before the War one or two of the more exclusive were beginning to find a falling membership. Now, increase of staff wages, rates and the cost of food are making ugly differences in the bank-books of many others. Clubs, which formerly had a waiting-list upon which names were entered years before there was a possibility of election, now find themselves forced to tout for new members by remitting the entrance fee.

Subscriptions have been raised in most of the West End Clubs by 50 per cent., with the result that many men who formerly belonged to several clubs have resigned from all but one. In some of the clubs the question of raising the subscriptions still further has been seriously discussed, but in each case the project has been abandoned in view of the threats of wholesale resignation amongst the members in answer to "feelers."

Forced economy in the class which supports the West End clubs is, of course, the main reason why some of them are in such a parlous financial condition, but there are likewise two other causes. The first is that membership of such-and-such a club no longer carries a social distinction. Before the War his club put a hall-mark, as it were, upon a man, especially a young man. To be blackballed was a social slur, a sort of ostracism. Nowadays hostesses, before inviting young men of whom they know nothing to their houses, never dream of asking "What club does he belong to?" They used to ask the question, and the answer decided whether the young man got an invitation or not.

When the social history of our period comes to be written, I wonder if this interesting fact will be noticed.

The second reason is that the present generation of young men is not "clubable," in the sense that its forbears were. I doubt very much whether the man who spends a considerable portion of his day at his club will exist twenty or thirty years hence. The type will have been eliminated by the two-seater and the golf course. Formerly, bachelor dinner-parties were invariably given at the host's club. To-day, nine times out of ten, they are given at restaurants. Only the older men, bred under a different tradition, and the more

Photograph *Topical*

ALL ON A WINTER'S MORNING

Mrs. J. N. Tollenaar, a pair of skis, and quantities of snow—the white Swiss, not the slushy London variety—typify the St. Moritz winter season, when visitors not only expect cold, dry weather, but get it

conservative amongst the young ones, prefer the quiet of a club dining-room to the sparkle and glitter of a restaurant.

Perhaps if some of the clubs reduced their charges for meals their dining-rooms would be fuller. As matters stand, when a young man can dine at a restaurant for less pennies than at his club, with gaiety and music thrown in—well, naturally he goes to the restaurant.

The Late Earl of Jersey

THE sudden death of the Earl of Jersey brings a heavy loss to the Turf. He was the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and, like Lord Durham and the late Lord Chaplin, stood for all that was best in the interests of racing.

Only a day before his death, Lord Jersey had attended a meeting of the Bicester Rural Council, when he appeared to be in the best of health. The next night he became suddenly ill, and died at five o'clock on the following morning.

Lord Jersey had only reigned for eight years, having succeeded his father, the seventh Earl, in 1915. In his keen interest in racing he followed his grandfather, the sixth Earl, who won three Derbys, but no great victory ever came to his own stable. His father devoted himself to public affairs rather than to the Turf, and his mother, who was a sister of Lord Leigh, will be long remembered for the brilliant parties she gave every summer at Osterley Park. Her book of reminiscences, *Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life*, is an epitome of the great world during the Victorian period.

It was the late peer's great-grandfather who added enormously to the family fortune by his marriage with the heiress of the last of the Childs who owned Child's Bank. Each succeeding Lord Jersey has been a partner in the bank, which, I believe, is almost one of the last of the private banks that has not been amalgamated with other banking businesses. The predecessor of the Child Lady Jersey had an unfortunate reputation in Society because of her friendship with George IV. Likewise she had an astonishing view of her own importance in this material world.

Driving to church one Sunday in London with her daughter, they found the service over and the congregation leaving when they reached the church door.

"Never mind, my dear," said this Lady Jersey to her daughter, who was rather distressed, "never mind! We've done the civil by the Almighty."

The Jerseys, apart from the Dukes descended from Charles II, are amongst the few English peers who have the right to quarter the Royal arms with their own. They owe this privilege to the marriage of the third earl to a lady who was descended from King Henry VIII's sister, Mary.

The heir, Lord Grandison, is only fourteen. His mother is a sister of the present Earl of Kilmorey.

Photograph *Central News*

PONTRESINA PERSONALITIES

Lady Steadfort starting off on a "bobbing" expedition at Pontresina with her daughter, Lady Millicent Taylor and the Hon. Mrs. Maitland

Photograph *Topical*

A DOUBLE TURN

The Earl and Countess of Northesk putting in a little spectacular work on the ice rink at St. Moritz. Lady Northesk was, before her wedding last summer, a well-known member of the Ziegfeld Follies

Photograph *Topical*

HOLD TIGHT, PLEASE

The Misses Flint, of California, clothed and ski-ed proper, get a tow whilst enjoying the pleasures which St. Moritz offers in profusion to all winter sports lovers

The Subtleties of Advertisement

THE Americans understand the art of advertisement better than we do. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper went to America

Photograph *Central News*

LADY AND MISS MARY LATTA

So faithful are they to the realm of winter sports that a season in Switzerland without the Lattas would be an almost unprecedented event in social happenings

Photograph *Willie Burke*

AN INTERESTING PICTURE FROM INDIA

A group showing the Viceroy and Vicereine of India, Lord and Lady Reading, and the Governor of Madras and his wife, Lord and Lady Willingdon, with their staffs. Lord Willingdon, who has been Governor of Madras since 1919, and Governor of Bombay the six years previous to that, is to be succeeded in April by Lord Goschen

Photograph *G.P.U.*

BYSTANDERS AT THE BALL

A group of "Bystander" contributors and their friends, freed from the worries of work, at the Chelsea Arts Ball. Among them are Miss Helen McKie, Lady Dorothy Mills, Mr. Arthur Mills and Mr. Howard Elcock. We trust this brief raising of the modest veil that hides our contributors will not create an undue impression of levity. We can assure our readers that they are all very hard-working people. In front of the box (in the centre) are Mr. Melville Gideon and a merry little friend disguised as a piece of ivy

some little time ago to take the part of the Madonna in Rheinhardt's mystery play, *The Miracle*. Her departure was accompanied by drums and trumpets.

But no sooner had my Lady Diana arrived in New York than a second lady appeared, the beautiful Signorina Carmi, who will be remembered as taking the part of the Madonna when the play was done at Olympia before the War in what now seems a prehistoric period. She declared she had been engaged to play the part and that nothing would move her from her contract.

The gentleman who is producing the play seemed to have landed himself in an *impasse*. Two ladies, each with a contract and only one Madonna to be played, was a question which appeared to be extremely difficult of solution. At any rate, the American newspapers thought so. And what newspapers think their readers think also—at least a good many of them. So public interest in *The Miracle* grew and grew and grew. Would the daughter of an English Duke or the wife of an Italian Prince (Signorina Carmi is the Princess Marchiabelli in private life) be the Madonna? Then, when the flood-tide of discussion was at its highest comes the announcement that the difficulty has been settled by Lady Diana and the Princess agreeing to draw lots to decide which of them shall appear at the first performance and afterwards to appear on alternate nights.

The discussion has provided a vast amount of advertisement for the play and for the two ladies. As I said at the beginning, the Americans understand the art of advertisement better than we do. It seems scarcely possible that any impresario—much less an American impresario—would engage two ladies to play the same part on the chance that one would give way in favour of the other.

By the way, Lady Diana does not seem to have carried out the intention with which she was credited of staying in a convent in order to get the "atmosphere" for her playing the Madonna.

The "Genuine Giddy Flapper" and Others

Some bitter words have been written and spoken of the genus "flapper," but none quite so bitter as those of an American psychologist who was asked to test the students at a High School for Girls in Massachusetts. He drew a distinction between "the genuine giddy flapper, a hopeless problem for educators," and "the Bohemian type of pseudo-flapper who is really of high intelligence." But he declared that "flappers are generally undependable, chafe under discipline, lack

Photograph *G.P.U.*

GETTING TOGETHER

A merry group at 99, Lancaster Gate, where the Hon. Mrs. Ames organised a dance for the Unique Centre—a meeting place for lonely folk from all over the world. If any of the lonely ones are in this group, they seem very successfully to have got over it

patience, appreciate nothing except what directly concerns themselves, dislike work, and fail to apply the knowledge they acquire at school."

The damsels thus scarified by the psychologist retorted that "even the worst flapper is not so bad as the spineless, over-dressed, cake-eating, jazz-dancing dudes posing as men."

Dear me! This all sounds oddly familiar! Umpteen years ago Mrs. Lynn Linton said very much the same thing about young Englishwomen in *The Girl of the Period*, and those young Englishwomen who are the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation retorted in a similar strain. So, you see, there's nothing new under the sun, not even a flapper!

Another Countess of Haddington

LORD HADDINGTON has settled with his Canadian Countess, who is Lady Minto's sister, at Mallerstain, the family place near Kelso, so after a lapse of thirty-five years the neighbourhood will once more know a Countess of Haddington. The last Countess of Haddington was the second wife of the late Lord Haddington, the present peer's grandfather, whom he succeeded four years ago. She died in 1889.

Lord Haddington's mother is Lady Binning. She was a daughter of the immensely wealthy Mr. William Salting. Her husband died only six months before his father.

A Title Revived

Another title which was not used for sixty-five years is that of the Earl of Ossory, borne by the Marquess of Ormonde's eldest son. The late Marquess held the title until he was ten years old, when he succeeded his father in the marquisate. There were only two daughters by his marriage with a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster—Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Butler—so there was no Earl of Ossory until the present Marquess of Ormonde succeeded.

Lord Ossory was to have been best man at his brother, Lord Butler's marriage to Miss Carlos Clarke at Ascot last week, but the marriage has been postponed owing to the sudden illness of the bride.

A "Hassan" Ball

I AM asked to tell you that there will be a *Hassan* ball at the Hyde Park Hotel on January 30. The whole company from His Majesty's will be present in the costumes they wear in the play, and during the evening the ballet, which is one of the features of the production, will be danced. Lord Howard de Walden, Lady Terrington, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares are members of the committee. The number of guests is limited to one thousand, so if you wish to be present at an unusual and attractive gathering you must write at once for your tickets—30*s*. each, including a buffet supper—to the British Drama League (under whose auspices the ball is being given, at 10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2).

The Empress Eugènie's Property

A SOLUTION seems to have been found to the litigation which has been going on for many years concerning the estate of the late Empress Eugènie in France. A balance of some £200,000 was due to the Empress on account of the old civil list. She was awarded this sum by a decision of the Courts on condition that it should be used to pay the death duties on her French property. But the order for payment could only be made by the Chamber, and the necessary credit was never voted. Consequently the judgment was not carried out.

A Suggestion for Death Duties

Princess Marie-Clotilde, the daughter of Prince Victor Napoleon and his wife, the youngest daughter of the late King of the Belgians, by the Empress Eugènie's will inherited all her property in France. Prince Victor Napoleon has now suggested that the money awarded to the late Empress should be used for the payment of the death duties, and offers to give up to the State the grounds of La Malmaison, the house at Ajaccio, in Corsica, where Napoleon was born, and the Bonaparte chapel there, all of which are his personal property. In return he makes a modest request, that a clock belonging to Queen Hortense, and a sword which belonged to Napoleon when he was First Consul should be returned to him.

The French Government is understood to be willing to agree to the suggestion, but as the sanction of the Chamber must first be obtained, a special bill is to be introduced.

Photograph *Central News*

THE "CUP" THAT CHEERS—AND THOSE WHO CONTESTED IT

Representatives of the Army and Navy who contested the Rundle Polo Cup at Malta. The Navy won by 8 goals to 5. Front row (left): Capt. The Hon. E. R. S. Bingham, V.C., Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, Lady de Brook, Lady Plumer, Admiral Sir Osmond de Brock; back row: Col. Ellershaw, Col. White, Lt. Desmond Wise, Major Ryan, Lt.-Com. Vivian, Major Mellard, Captain Walwin, R.N., and Captain Custance

MISS GREENWELL AND MRS. STUART

THE HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS, CAPTAIN KINGSCOTE AND MR. BANKIER

Photographs *Alfieri*

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES COVENTRY AND MISS PAMELA COVENTRY

WHO WAS WHO AT THE CHELTENHAM 'CHASES

The Riviera

Photograph *Central Press*

WITH THE MONDE AT MONTE

Mr. and Mrs. A. de Pena watching the Monte Carlo Lawn Tennis Tournament. Mr. Pena is the well-known Argentine polo player, whose fine ponies are already familiar to visitors at Cannes

Photograph *Central Press*

CHEZ ELLE

Patricia, Countess of Cottenham, on the terrace of her Monte Carlo home, "Villa Colombe"

PRINCE LOUIS OF MONACO, with his daughter, Princess Charlotte, and Prince Pierre and their children arrived at the Palais de Monaco on December 23. They are much beloved by the faithful Monégasques, and their arrival is always made the occasion for decorations and rejoicing. On January 17, the Fête of Prince Louis, there are always fireworks and illuminations, which show off to great advantage on the Monaco rock, in this clear atmosphere.

THE Salle de Musique, at the Casino, where Monsieur Louis Ganne used to give his delightful concerts, is now used as a *thé dansant*, free to the members of the Sporting Club; others have to pay 10 francs entry and 5 francs for tea, and can dance as much as they like. The Café de Paris is very popular at teatime, too, where Miss Peggy Leblanc is very clever in her imitation of Charlie Chaplin.

THE opening of the tennis season has been marked by the success of Anglo-Indian players. Major Rendall—a former champion of India—won the professional championship in masterly fashion for the third year in succession the other day, and so keeps the Bristol Cup for good. And now, in the final of the first big amateur meeting, the Championships of Monaco at La Festa, we have two Anglo-Indians in the final, Colonel Brierley and "L. V. Bond." The former finally won 6—2, 3—6, 7—5, 6—3 after a most exciting match.

THIS tournament attracted Aeschliman and Chiesa, ex-champions of Switzerland; Monsieur Syz, the present Swiss champion; Captain Hillyard, Mr. Lowry—a rapidly improving boy from New Zealand—Mr. Watson, Mr. Wallis Myers, Mr. Tunis, from the States, and other noted racquets. I never saw so many tall men engaged in a tournament. A Russian giant, Prince Melikoff, Hillyard, the Duke of Westminster, Langton, Hunter, Brierley, and a dozen others might all have been Grenadiers of the great Frederick. Mr. Lowry, who beat Captain Hillyard, is immensely strong and active and a good fighter, and may become one of the best in a year or two. Mrs. Satterthwaite was very near winning the championship of Monaco Cup for keeps from Miss Ryan, who had to play her best to win by 6—4 in the final set.

L. V. BOND and Captain Hillyard were victorious in the Men's Doubles, beating Watson and Wallis Myers by 6—2, 6—3, 6—0. Aeschliman and Miss Ryan met Hillyard and Mrs. Satterthwaite in the final of the Mixed Doubles. The latter couple won 6—1, 3—6, 6—2. Mr. Aeschliman was not fit all the week, and had a high temperature when playing. The weather was ideal all through the tournament, and Monte Carlo has quite escaped the cold and storms that have been raging elsewhere.

Photograph *Central Press*

BRIDGE AS IT SHOULD BE PLAYED

Lady Waleran and some members of the new "Garden Club," which she and Lord Waleran have started at Cap Martin, indulging in a little open-air bridge in the beautiful grounds. This form of "palmistry" is perfectly permissible, and, unlike the pun, needs no apology

THANKS to Mussolini stopping the gambling in Italy, San Remo will probably be closed this year, as it was run at a big loss last year without the "Cagnotte." To console its gambling visitors, the municipality has arranged a very cheap service by motor to Monte Carlo, which leaves San Remo at 9.30, arriving Monte Carlo 11 o'clock and leaves there again at 6 p.m., to arrive San Remo 8.30 p.m.

THE Vienna express is now running as in pre-war days. It leaves Vienna on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at

Photographs *E. Navlet*

SOME WALKERS ABROAD

Sir Robert and Lady Hudson at Monte Carlo. Lady Hudson was the widow of the late Lord Northcliffe

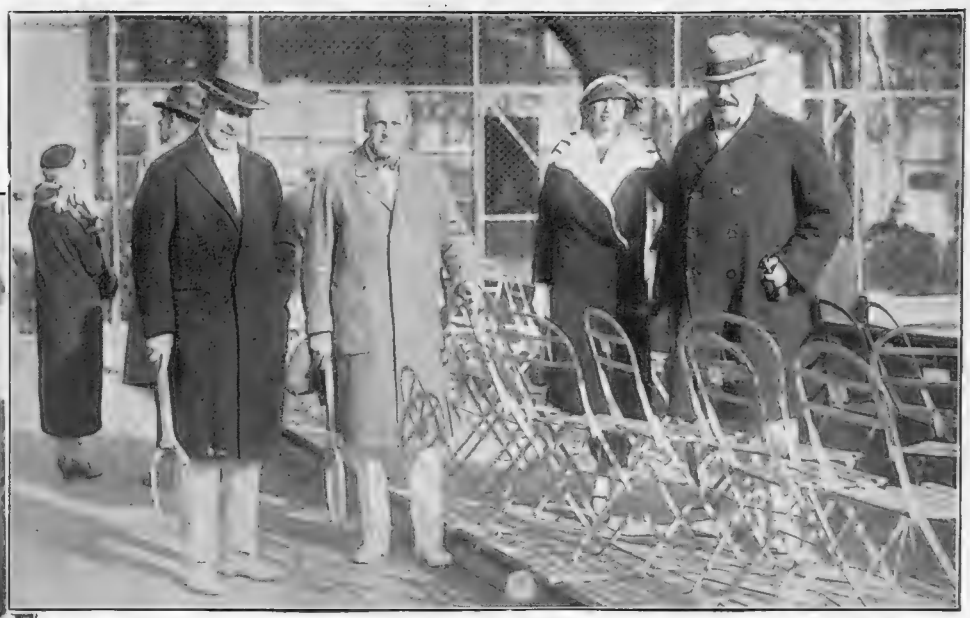
Mr. and Mrs. Bentinck-Budd with their tame Madagascar lemur, which doubtless attracts considerable attention

Week by Week

Photograph *Keystone*

PARADISO ENOW!

A photograph, taken on the steps of "Il Paradiso," Lady Wavertree's Riviera home, of Lord Ypres, Lady Wavertree and Lady Bennet



Photograph] **'TWEEN WHILES** *[E. Navello*

Mr. Murray Graham, the Hon. E. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fitzgerald and the Hon. Lionel Montagu on the tennis courts at Monte Carlo

10.40 a.m. and arrives at Cannes 4.30 p.m. the following day, via Brück, Loeben, Arnoldstein, Udine, Venice, Milan, Genoa, and Ventimiglia. It leaves Cannes the same days of the week at 11.35 a.m., arriving at Vienna 6.45 p.m. the following day. This train is available for local passengers even between Cannes and Monte Carlo, and facilitates the journey to Genoa or Milan and the Italian Riviera, as the passports are done on the train.

THE Restaurant des Ambassadeurs opened on December 31 with a *réveillon* dinner, and there will be a *thé dansant* every day, with Gustava Nicolau's famous Barcelona Band.

Baroness Orczy gave a musical party on New Year's Day, at which Monsieur Wagemans, Monsieur Benedetti and other well-known artists performed.

THE Salle Empire at the Hotel de Paris was very gay on Christmas night. Amongst many well-known people who have been dining there are Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, whose guests included Mr. Lewis, Dr. Thorneycroft, Mr. Deacon, Colonel Wallace, Mr. Poineydestre, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Orange, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Davies, Miss Marshall, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Hauptman. The Honourable Edward Coke's guests were Admiral the Honourable Victor and Mrs. Stanley, General Sir William and Lady Pulteney, Mr. and Mrs. H. Harry Burroughes, Captain Clerk, Major Lionel Montagu. Others seen: Duke of Westminster, Colonel Sir Houghton Gastrell, Mr. and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. de Rèna, Major Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Williard, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chunn, Honourable Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes, General Sir Charles V. F. Townshend, Sir Henry and Lady Wombwell, Captain and Mrs. Orr Ewing, Captain Eastwood, Lady Rothband, Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Cameron, Princess Jean de Broglie, Sir Robert and Lady Hudson, Lord Decies, Lord Dewar, Lady Robertson, Major Despencer Robertson, General Sir John Du Cane and Lady Du Cane, Prince and Princess Koudacheff, Comte and Comtesse de Courmont, Comte Delpierre, Prince Blbesco, Princesse Rospigliosi, Comtesse de Salverte, Comte de Maussabré, Prince Obelinksy, Prince Radziwill, Sir Charles Hartopp, Lady Poulett, Lord Wolverton and Lord Borwick.

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

"TWO'S COMPANY"

Senora Luis Martinez de la Rivas and a cheerful companion photographed in the drawing-room of her beautiful villa, "L'Aguedal," at Cannes

MANY players have been up at the golf at Mont Agel lately, and the views of the snow Alps are wonderfully fine. The greens are getting into good order, in spite of the frost, as they had a good covering of sand. There are competitions every Thursday. This week Mr. Winter was first, 88—16—72; Mr. Graham second, 87—14—73; Mr. Winans, 83—8—75. Other players were Captain Shaw Kennedy, Mr. George Wilder, Mr. Cullingworth, Mr. Tyser, Mr. Ellis Griffiths, Mr. Calvert, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Captain Woodcock, Mrs. Carew Gibson, Mr. Rawle, Mr. Michell, Major Jackson, Colonel Rivett Carnac, Mr. Stoughton, Mr. Day, Lord Forres, Sir John Du Cane, Sir Edward Nightingale, Sir Gerald Du Maurier and family. Mr L. C. Potter, who is at the Hotel de Turin, at Menton, is acting as assistant-secretary, Mr. Ashmore having found the work too hard. J. G. H.

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

A WIZARD OF LUXURY LAND

Monsieur Cornuché and his son Robert, in the grounds of the Cannes Casino

On the Carpet.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

THE LAND OF NOT.

Heading by ALFRED LEETE

THIS is the chronicle of the Land of Not found written on a yellow sheet of not-paper ruled in the negative.

This was a strange land, for no one would depose, depone, aver or avouch. The rulers of It and the people of It simply doted on denials.

Thus when Its three political parties were of such strength that no one party could outvote the other two in alliance, it was suggested that two parties should combine.

To the Conservatives was the question put: "Will you combine with the Liberals so that the Bolshies be kept out?" and the answer was, "No."

To the Liberals was the same question put. And the answer was, "No."

To the Bolshies it was suggested that they should ask help of the Liberals in order that they might rule. And the answer was, "No."

Whereat the general, common or garden, or œcumenical man-in-the-street tore his hair, decorated himself with straws and flowers, and performed other strange antics, singing all the while, "Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny."

Now, about this time, the ruler of the Church of the Land of Not bethought him of re-union with the Free Churches and the Roman Catholics.

And a Conference was held, because, after all, there is nothing like a Conference if you are fond of repudiations, rebuttings and peremptory denials.

At this Conference the Catholics were asked: "Will you join the Church of England?" And, behold, the Papists said, "No."

Then the Protestants were asked if they would go over to Rome. And the stout fellows promptly answered, "No."

Then it was the turn of the Free Churches. They were asked if they would go to Lambeth or Rome. They, being Non-Conformists, said, "Non."

Whereat all the Editors of the Land of Not rejoiced, and wrote leading articles saying how splendidly things were going, and what a great advance to religious re-union it was when everybody got together and said that they would not touch each other with a pitchfork.

But the man-in-the-street did not remove the straws from his hair and continued to sing, "Hey, no nonny, nonny, hey nonny."

Now the taxation of the land was very severe because the money owed to It by Germany was never paid. When the Land of Not asked Germany for money, Germany answered, "No." and the rulers of the Land of Not laughed in sympathy.

But when the taxpayer in the Land of Not asked the tax-gatherer to give him time to pay, the latter answered, "No."

And when the tax-gatherer asked the taxpayer if he had any money the latter was constrained to answer, "Naught." But the tax-gatherer did not smile. "Did you not get your not-ification from the not-ary?" he would ask. And the poor taxpayer would be lured into a lie. And so many went to prison or madhouse for Germany's dear sake.

You will find these things more extensively described in a book called, "Not-abilia," by "A No-bleman," published at Not-tingham in November. In the Land of Not this book is not-orious.

For instance, it is therein set forth that if the owner of a racehorse were asked if he expected to win he would reply, "No." Whereupon the horse would win by many lengths.

And if a dramatic critic were asked if a play were good he would say, "No." Whereupon the play would run for three years.

And if a Scotsman were asked to have a drink he would say "No." And so it came about that many of the inhabitants of the Land of Not died of shock.

And when a man took another's cheque to the bank it was sometimes returned to him marked, "N.E.," which, being translated, meant "No Earthly."

And, when a serving-wench appealed for employment, and was asked what she knew, she invariably replied, "Nothing."

Perchance an Editor was brought a comic article. He would shake his head. And when the writer enquired "Why? Is it not comic?" the Editor would reply, "No."

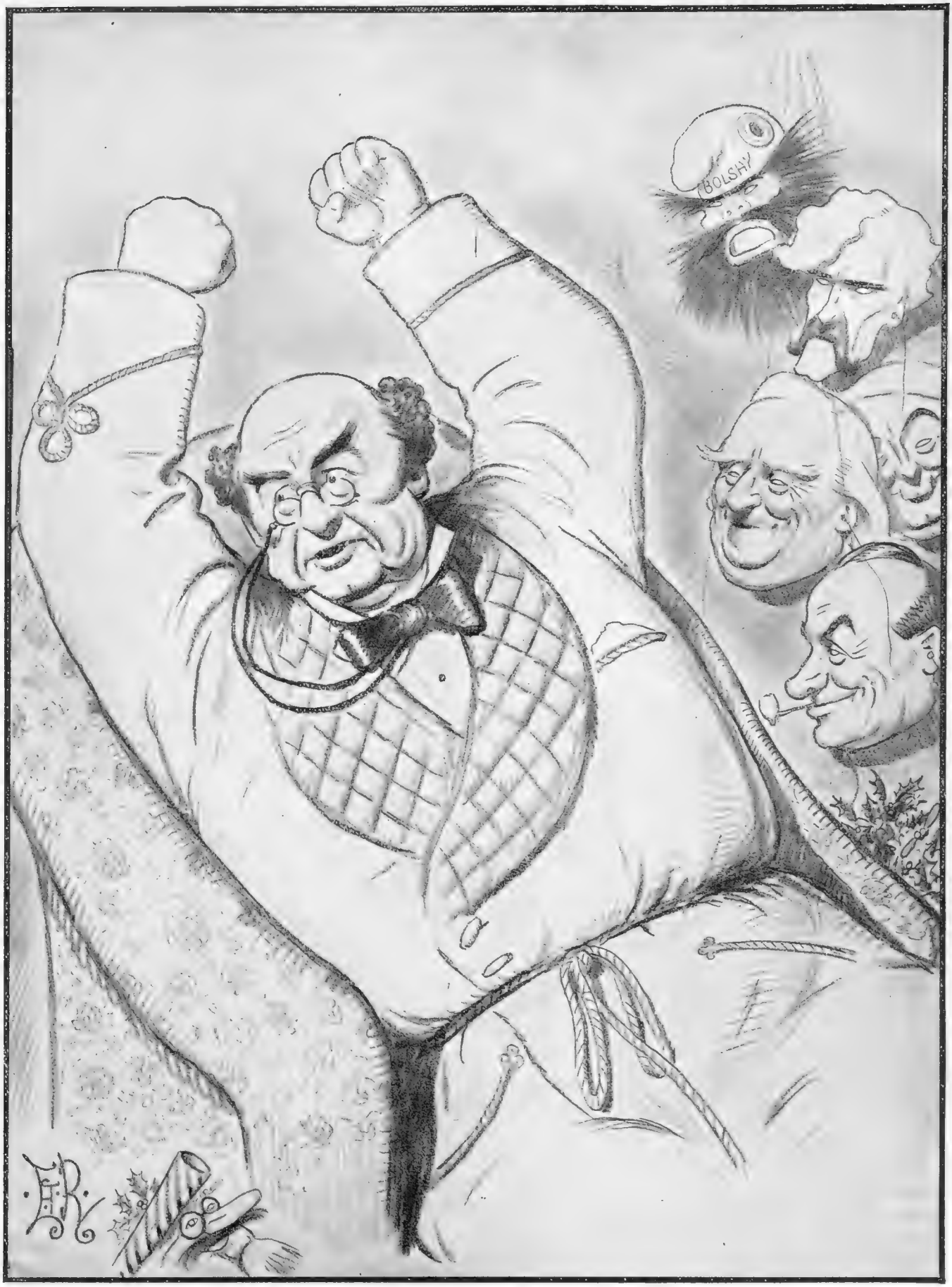
Even the children of the Land of Not invariably said, "No." And when their parents enquired, "No, what?" they replied, "No fear." For they were a rude and ribald race.

A visit to a shop generally produced a negative. When the Land of Not was at war, all the shopkeepers who were asked for butter, eggs, jam and caviare, patriotically replied, "No."

Even to-day a man might visit a greengrocer and buy apples, oranges, or grapes, but if he asked for one of those saffron, sausage-shaped fruits, the name of which I cannot at present remember, the dealer would retort. . . . . (No!—ED.) B. M. H.

"UNLESS all riding is injurious to women, much jolt and jar can be avoided by the steadying grip obtainable in the man's saddle. This is an argument I present to mothers who ask me how their daughters are to ride," writes Mrs. Jack London, widow of the famous novelist, in *The Graphic*. "One argument is put forward, that a woman is not built to "grip." I know as fine girl-riders as there are, perhaps, in the world, to whom a saddle or none is a matter of indifference, for they ride as superbly with as without. Some men are built to grip, and so are some women; and who would dream of twisting into the side-saddle posture a man who was not of perfect build for a horseman, yet who wished to ride?"

The Morning-after-the-Party Spirit



BY E. T. REED

MR. BULL (*recovering from the New Year festivities and the inevitable* bal masqué) : "Some people complain that all their *parties come together.* Hanged if mine ever do. If only they *would,* a fellow might get a chance to settle down to trade in the New Year"

The habit of smoking in bed is one that on the praiseworthy principle of "Safety First" must be deplored. | Only one excuse can possibly be offered for such indulgence, and that is a favourite pipe filled with fragrant

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

All Things Considered

1924

Now is the time when spinsters
Go forth upon their quest:
A ray of hope within stirs
Each single-minded breast:
So, bachelors, this Leap Year
May settle you, unless
Ye look before ye sleep, ye're
A matrimonial mess.

. . . . . .

A famous preacher has been reiterating the old truism that everyone has his faults. There is a rumour that Mr. Winston Churchill intends to base a slander action upon this statement.

. . . . . .

A Wiltshire farm-hand has been heavily fined for assaulting his wife. He certainly belongs to the belabouring classes.

. . . . . .

Several letters have been written to the Press heatedly denying that Columbus discovered America. But even if he did, surely after all this time we ought to forgive and forget.

. . . . . .

A troupe of comedians from Sofia is billed to appear next month at a variety house of entertainment. We trust that they will not be Bulgar without being funny.

. . . . . .

It is reported that Mr. E. D. Morel, the eminent pacifist, is to be given high Cabinet rank in the next Labour Government. At any rate, those who questioned his patriotism during the Great War should not forget that he served in the Second Division.

. . . . . .

A wine merchant maintains that no woman is capable of decanting a bottle of port properly. In other words, the hand that rocks the cradle ruins it.

. . . . . .

Some schoolboy institutions are very exclusive. We have just heard of a pushing youngster who has been snowballed at his club.

. . . . . .

Thousands of persons during the recent holidays are reported to have visited the Maze at Hampton Court. It seems curious that they should go to such trouble when they can sit at home and consult their Income Tax regulations.

. . . . . .

Bill-posters in a North of England town are thinking of striking for higher pay. Whatever their grievance may be, we strongly advise them to stick it.

. . . . . .

A celebrated anthropologist declares that everyone has a double. With whisky at its present price we simply can't afford it.

. . . . . .

Tom's looking bad and feeling ill:
His mother thinks he's caught a chill;
His doting father, like a fool,
Declares he's worked too hard at school;
It's evident he isn't well,
Though what it is they cannot tell;
But as he's gorged for hours without cessation,
Tom has a little inside information!

. . . . . .

Socialists are still busy denouncing the Tory policy as iniquitous. Although we disagree, we still admit that it should be prosecuted more vigorously.

. . . . . .

The Mayor of a London borough has just made a laudatory speech in favour of municipal undertakings. Residents in Poplar, however, are of the opinion that they are grossly over-rated!

. . . . . .

Some Cracker Mottoes

For the Unionist Party:
"Blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back."
—Shakespeare.

For the Liberal Party:
"Lloud Jawge for Little England!"

For the Socialist Party:
"The worst of swelled head is it never kills."—Coulson Kernahan.

For Mr. Baldwin:
"It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder."—From the French.

For Mr. Winston Churchill:
"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?"—Kemble.

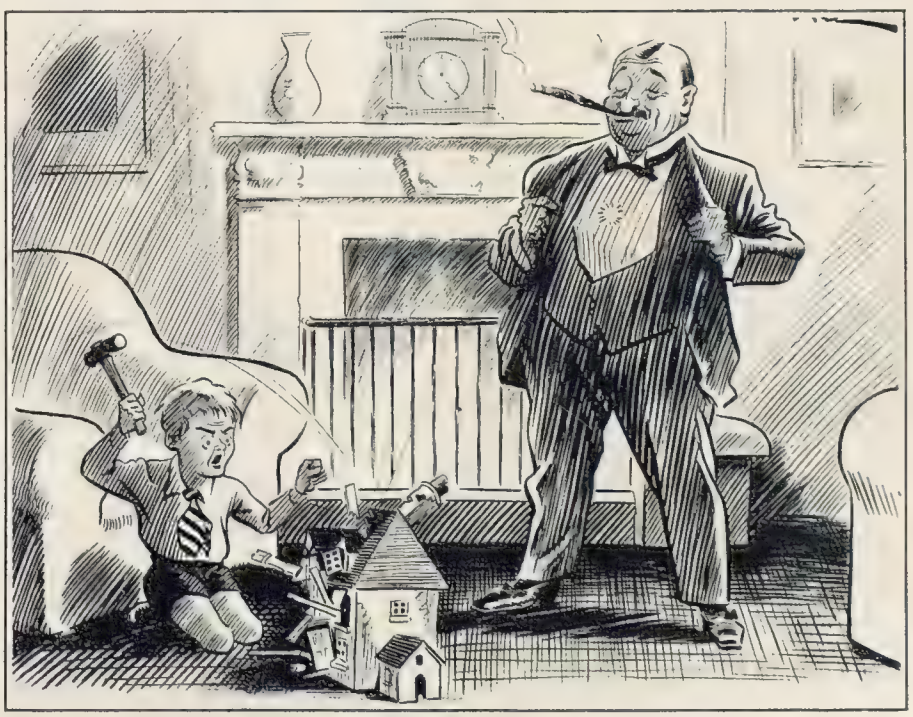
For the Die-Hards:
"Gone to the demnition bow-wows."—Dickens.

For the Poet Laureate:
"Silence is golden."—Proverb.

For Mr. Bernard Shaw:
"This young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me."—W. S. Gilbert (Patience).

For Flappers:
"On with the dance; let joy be unrefined."—Shakespeare, nearly.

Our Noble Selves:
"The warm, champagny, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling."—O. W. Holmes.



JUST A LITTLE BELOW PA

By Joseph Lee

Successful housebreaking contractor views with delight the early signs of business ability displayed by his son and heir

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE DAVIES DICTIONARY. By 'PENDARVES"

Rugby Football, by Lieut.-Commander W. J. A. Davies, Webster's Publications, Ltd., 70, Temple Chambers, E.C. 4, is, indeed, almost a dictionary to followers of the game. As during his captaincy of England and the Royal Navy he forgot nothing for the good of the teams he led so ably, so in his fascinating book he remembers everything there is to be said. Prefaced, in terms of unstinted admiration, by the Chairman of the English Selection Committee, and ended by an appreciation of the writer and the player at the pen of the well-known boxing authority, B. Bennison, the book is full of succulent chapters to the player of to-day, and for the man who can now only croak blame and praise from the touch line, to his eternal sorrow. Of reference to the writer's own game the pages are characteristically empty; except here and there to admonish himself for faulty tactics, etc. As, for example, last year's titanic fight between the Navy and the Air Force. Davies puts the blame for the defeat of the Senior Service upon himself, which is just like him. He says (and if he said it during an after-dinner speech he would be howled down), "I committed a grave error in the 1923 Navy *v.* Air Force match . . . I ought to have changed my tactics in the last quarter of an hour of the first half. . . ." Whereas we who were there on that memorable wintry afternoon know that there was little wrong with the Navy tactics. Everything possible was done to stave off the surprising defeat, in vain.

What this very gallant officer naturally omits to say was that he came straight into the Air Force dressing-room, while Lords of the Admiralty were still standing horror-struck in the Stands above, and said, "Well done, you fellows, you played splendidly, and deserved to win"; at a moment when the wireless messages were actually on their way to expectant ships all over the seas, a moment when the taste of defeat must have been very bitter.

But one expects all this from a man whose modesty amounts almost to a vice. For his renowned partner, Lieut. C. A. Kershaw, he is full of admiration. You would think, if you did not know, that the contrary was the fact, that it was to Kershaw that Davies owed his brilliance. He tells you many interesting things of this wonderful scrum half; not least of which is that "during four consecutive years of first-class football I doubt whether Kershaw ever kicked the ball more than a dozen times. . . ." "I have known him play almost throughout a season without kicking a ball in a game." He is referring, of course, to his safe hands and swinging long passes.

Everything that a player, of whatever class, wants to know is here. Every position on the field is lucidly examined, the methods of every man's play analysed, and a moral pointed in each case. There is nothing of the "games coach" about the book. A man coming off the field from a game a moment or two ago speaks to you, as from one player to another. Which is what every Rugger player wants.

There is humour, too, thank goodness, and Davies hands out some very welcome stories. As, for instance, the one about Wing-Commander Louis Greig, late of the Royal Household, and earlier of the Scotch Fifteen. Greig's language on the field was proverbial. During a season when he was captaining the United Services, two ladies in Portsmouth were heard debating what they should do with their Saturday afternoon, when one said:

"Let's go and hear Louis Greig play Rugby."

And another: "Harking back to the pre-war days, an amusing incident occurred when the late C. H. Abercrombie and G. D. Roberts were playing on opposite sides. During the first half, feeling was very high, and in a heated argument at half-time, Abercrombie remarked, "I thought I was going to play against gentlemen this afternoon."

"I didn't," was G. D. Robert's laconic reply.

And yet one more: An excited French forward at a line out in one of the England *v.* France matches. He was about ten or twelve yards at the end of the line. "Seeing his apparently favourable position, he gesticulated wildly, and shouted:

'À moi, je suis tout seul!'

"Unfortunately for the Frenchman, Stoker Tom Woods, R.N., the heaviest forward in the English pack, and Private E. R. Gardner, ex-champion boxer of the Royal Marines, arrived simultaneously with the ball. The look on the astonished Frenchman's face, when he had disentangled himself from the miniature scrum, defies description."

This book of Commander Davies is the best book on the Rugby game that has yet been written, and is being read avidly by his myriad admirers.

Photograph I. B.

MUST YOU GO?

The gentleman in white, who is seen in an attitude of supplication in the foreground, is using a little none too gentle persuasion to induce a Harlequin player to stay and give him the ball. The 'Quins lost the match to the Old Fettesian-Lorettonians by 16 points to nil

Football at Finsbury

BY LEONARD P. DOW'D

Our artist's impressions of some members of the H.A.C. First XV, who enjoy the distinction, among other things, of playing their Rugger within five minutes' walk of the Mansion House

Beyond the Bounds of the "Foot and Mouth" Decree

With the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles at Garstone Park, Surrey

LEAVING THE MEET FOR THE FIRST DRAW

MRS. REEVE (left), MISS A. BOWRING WITH MR. CLIVE BOWRING in an elegant Tisby twist

MR. M. C. HOULDER (the whip, left), MISS SWAINSTON, WITH MASTER AN MRS. HOULDER

Photographs *Sport and General*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEET AT GARSTONE PARK

Photograph *L.N.A.*

MISS BETTY SPRING-RICE (left), MISS BETTY SCHUSTER, MR. T. F. TURNER, MR. GOFFREY, LADY SCHUSTER, LADY SPRING-RICE, MR. E. COLLYMORE, MISS F. TURNER, AND SIR CLAUDE SCHUSTER

Snap Shots at Stray Ski-ers

Some of the many merry-makers who are giving the Mürren Season a Good Push down the Slopes of Happiness

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A FAMILIAR BAND IN A NEW SETTING

Photographs

MISS LE BAS LOOKS (at the camera) BEFORE SHE LEAPS

Central News

LADY RAEBURN AND HER SON ON THE SLOPE

Beyond the Pale

BY WILMOT LUNT

CUSTOMER: "Are you sure these pyjamas are fast colours?"

SHOPMAN: "For all practical purposes, yes sir. Of course if you should walk down Bond Street in them in the blazing sunshine they might fade a little"

PARIS·NIGHT·LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

No. II—THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

"At Beaugé"

Do not deceive yourself for one single instant into supposing that in the Paris of to-night (we are not concerned overmuch with the day—except the ladies, who have terribly important affairs to deal with called, mysteriously, "fittings") you will succeed, if you dance, in getting away from the ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Nevertheless, we will suppose that after three or four nights you yearn for a quiet dinner amid French surroundings. Come with me, therefore, some way along the Grand Boulevard in the direction of the Bourse.

Dive into the Rue St. Marc; and there you will find the smiling barrel-shaped Beaugé. A man possessed of *spécialités*, a very Daniel come to culinary judgment. The restaurant was founded in 1848, and, like another thing, has been going strong ever since, in a very quiet but highly efficient manner.

Very small, very French; yellow plush and plain flat mirrors over all. But Beaugé himself will cook you a dinner, most of it under your eyes, at a white throne in the centre of the room, and if you are anything of a trencherman you will never forget it. To see this artist's fingers at work, mixing delicacies, is to give an almost indecent appetite to the most advanced dyspeptic.

It is unfair to harass a possibly hungry Bystander beyond counselling *Croustade de Sole, Bécasse Flambé*, and, if at lunch there, *Rognons Beaugé*. And after that, when you are wondering if you have really deserved what the gods (and the solicitous Beaugé) have given, wash away the doubt with some of his 1818 brandy. You will then be a happier and a wiser man.

It is in places like the secluded Beaugé, where you dine in peace and, therefore, rather more rapidly, that you realise the hiatus that occurs between the dinner and the dance. Night lights are not lit, in Paris, before midnight. If, towards eleven, dinner is over, something must be done. What? Harry, from the American Bar at Ciro's (London) and from Deauville has supplied the answer.

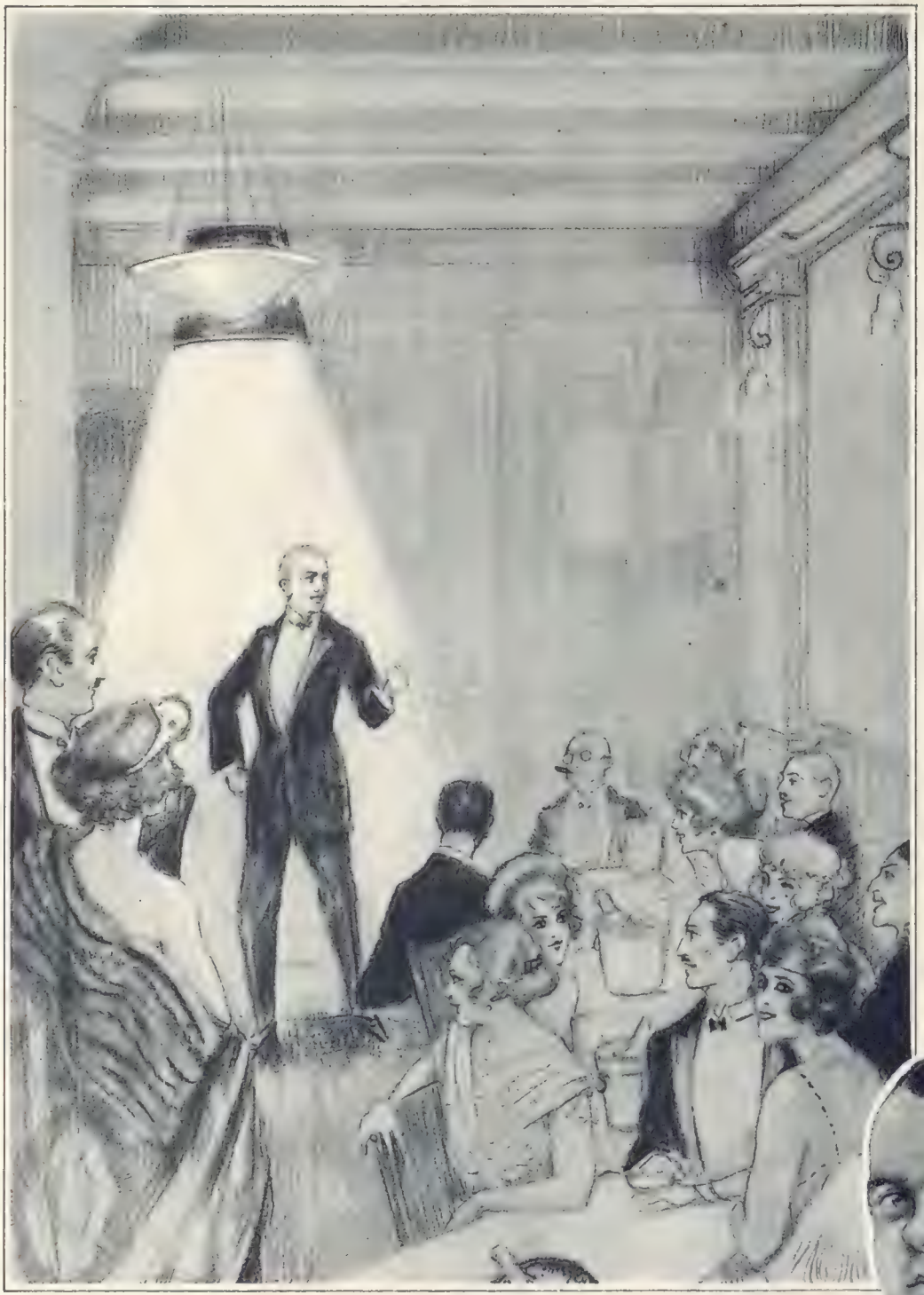
"Harry's Bar" has become a habit with many people. And a very pleasant habit it is. He is up against the clock, is this chubby little man. He has scarcely more than an hour in which to draw you to him and keep you *chez lui*. He has nothing much to offer in the way of *mise en scène*, save a lower room, buff coloured, picked out with red; some amazingly clever cartoons by Sem; a piano; some bottles standing in ice (the usual kind of bottle that does stand everywhere in ice in Paris) — and a genius. For that is what Roy Barton undoubtedly is in his way. I mean, a man who composes his own songs (dozens of them) in which such sentences as these appear, can surely lay claim to something very like genius:

"When a woman don't get the man she wants—God help the man she gets. . . ." "Of all my wife's relations I like myself the best." . . . "A little song, entitled, 'You may be deaf, but you'll get your hearing in the morning—by the *Prefet de Police*." . . . Another song about some ladies he describes as "The Gillette Sisters," because they are continually saying, "Would'ge let us have this—would'ge let us have that? . . ."

A broad, smiling American, gurgling over with pure joy at the laughter that lies in all his songs. All the delicious foxtrots that you are going presently to dance he puts into words, most fascinating words, while his companion gets the last demi-semi-quaver of syncopation out of the piano behind him. You

"Les Deslys"

"Roy Barton"



At "Harry's"

laugh so uproariously at his allusions in song, composed on the spur of the moment, to celebrated Paris types of the moment, that you have just *got* to drink the thing in the ice pail for fear of getting a sore throat—and Harry in the white coat in the bar upstairs doesn't mind how much of the precious fluid you get away with.

In this small lower room in Paris, just at the clock-strike of its most restless hour, Roy and his pal hold you down by the sheer force of personality and nothing else. There is nothing really clever, in cold print, in the expression, "Kiss me Hot Lips—I am Asbestos." But there is a very great deal in the way it is sung. The *tempo* of these two men is so good. The lilt of perfect jazz-time flows on, one under the hands of a master, the other in the mouth of a prince of spontaneity. To enforce a point in song, Roy will get right down on the floor in the midst of you all, and almost drag you with him in his enthusiasm and merriment.

If you can detach yourself for a moment—a difficult matter—from the room's intimacy and look at it dispassionately, you will see a queer sight. Everyone in the place has come in from one or other of the restaurants, in each of which sumptuousness has surpassed sumptuousness; where the surroundings have been of the most *chic* and expensive kind; where the lights and colourings and all the appurtenances have been arranged to suit the most jaded, petulant taste. You would have thought that to come on here for an hour in their diamonds and furs (the room contains now, as you glance round it, a decent fortune in both) and to sit on a hardish bench at a marble-topped table, would have been a distinct anti-climax, wouldn't you?

Not a bit of it. The Paris that we are dealing with wants a jumping-off place. And they have got it. Here you become thoroughly tuned up; you are on splendid terms with yourself. You can boo at Roy Barton if you like. Woe betide you if you do. A lighting rapier-thrust of repartee will be flung at you in the midst of a song, at which the whole room will rock with laughter again—this time at you.

So an hour of roisterous merriment in what the cynical mufflered taxi-driver describes as "*'Arriesbarr—oui je le connais*"—and you are saved the embarrassment of arriving too early at—where we are going together next week—and having arrived in the thick of the crowd, you

"Harry"

are in that pleasant frame of mind which merely shrugs a resigned acquiescence to the not too good table the desolated *maître d'hôtel* has to offer you.

NEXT WEEK!

No. III.—THE EMBASSY

(Jardin de ma Sœur)

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

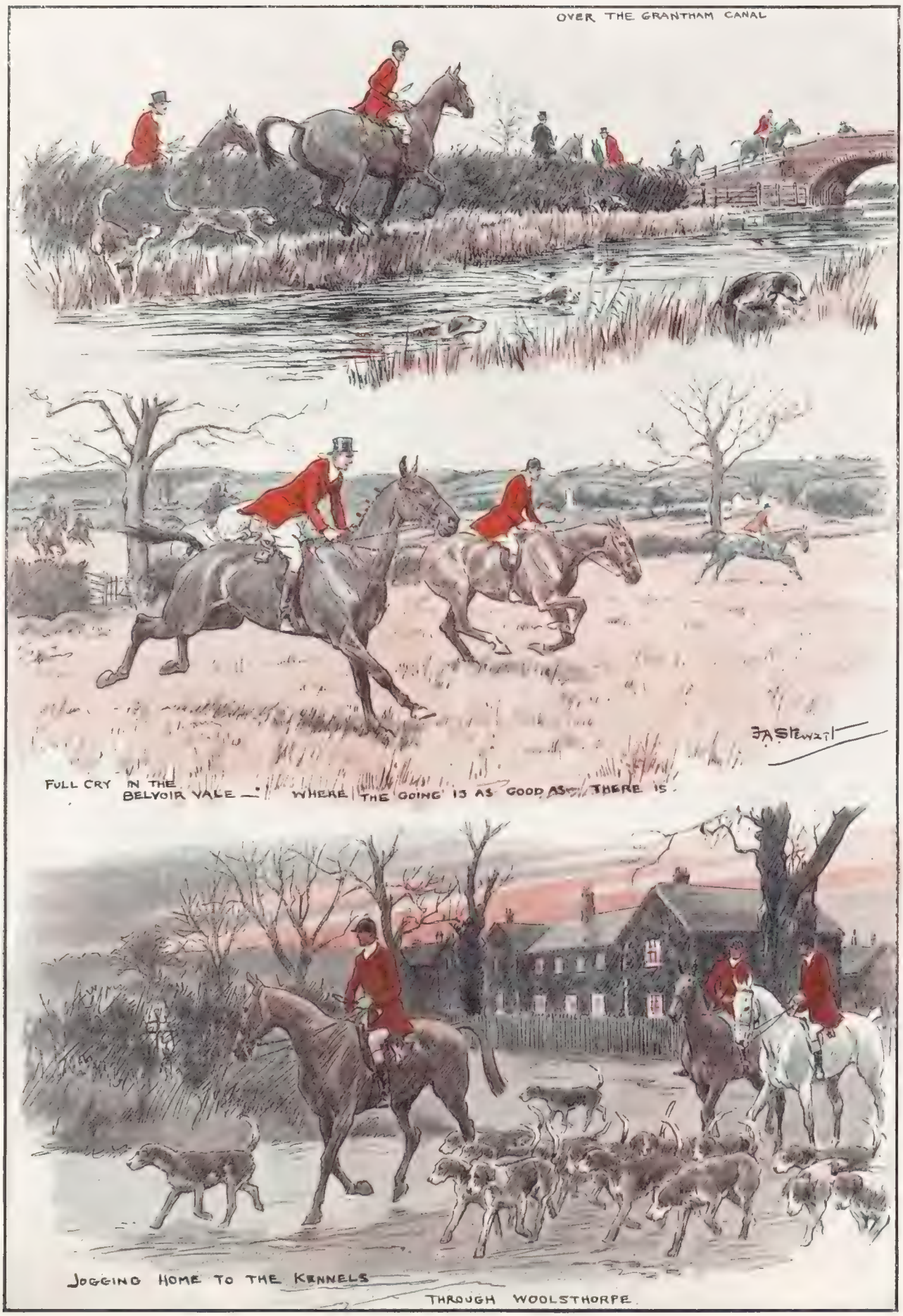
THE "DUD"

THE TRAVE

BY ALFRED LEETE

LER'S TALE

Out with the Belvoir



BY F. A. STEWART

A DAY WITH THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HOUNDS

"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

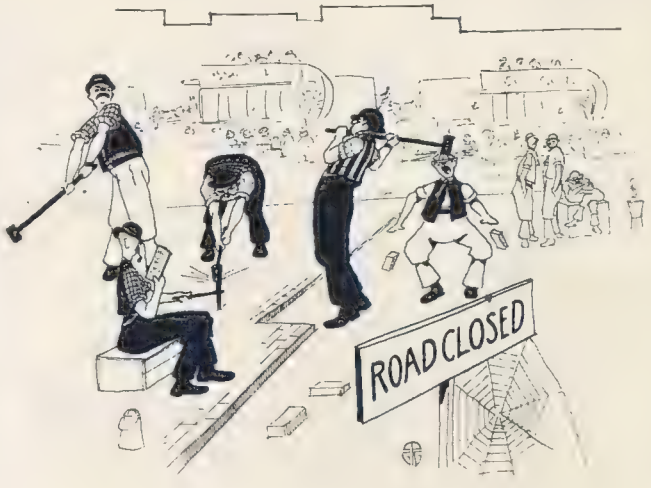
HEREWITHLY follows as per appended some insignificant musings as I shall now ascribe and which to kindly have erected in types.

Myself I do not yetly comprehend altogether some British customs and lawful peculiarities. The language, O yes, that I understand almost to perfections, otherwisely how should I manipulate these philosophic narratings in such modestly good Anglo Saxon? But British metropolitan customs are not at all so easy to masticate, and still raise my incredulities. "What for so to do, Mr. Y. Hama," you interrog spontaniently? "If you do not possess desired lawful informations, require same of nearest police bob or other certified person conveniently adjacent."

That are so, Hon. Sir, but not entirely altogether. For instance, as viz. The other day very recent I perambulated myself in the Strand where innumerable persons passed me either ways with much rude velocity in both directions, mascs and femns of all sexes, including many non-adhesive infantiles. 1,000's of vehicular traffics speeded swiftly with non-delicious fragrance in contrary directions as if as to say like the verse poets "Let us make hastes, for to morrow perhapsly we shall all be defunct"—which are very tremendous truth for timid person seeking to transpose from 1 side of street to the opposites. Then all of suddenly this velocity ceases and the traffics assume stationary attitudes. "Are it that some non-luck persons have been completely slain by superimposed moting-bus, 6 or perhapsly 11 altogether?" I require of myself with panting breaths. I put my strongest feet foremost and make hastefully towards the fatal proximity to view the blood-sheds and other morbid casualities.

But my searches are not reward by spectacle of corpses in considerable lumps. What do I observe in lieu? 2 or 3 industrial persons digging a depression with much leisure and dignity surrounded by ropes. Many doz. of Hon. non-industrials acquire entertainings and repose by observing efforts of labour person to superimpose hammer on apex of considerably big Hon. nail. Yet not anyone ejaculates "Banzai!" or "Hip, hip!" when aforesaidly person scores a goal with the hammer, for all are so serious as if watching a golfing combat. I continue to remain till the industrials denude their hammers and produce preserved fishes from red nose handkerchiefs which they sit down to roast upon a fire.

Why, I adumbrate interiorially, should these diggers evacuate cavities in the Strand? Then ah—I clinch my forehead—it must be to seek for the gold which I have heard to tell lies on London streets! I will seek Hon. police bob for confirmations of this intelligence. I thereforely approach



"To superimpose hammer . . . ."

1 of these legal majesties and salute my cap. "Tell me, if not illegitimate, what for do these persons make to produce holes in Hon. Strand?" I requesh.

The Hon. police bob was very polite person with excellent breeding. Sweetly he inform me that aforesaidly persons dig thusly to improve their good healths and purvey relaxing entertainments to Hon. spectators. "But how," I require, "of the vehicular traffics in suspense. Do they not experience annoyances and other displeasure symptoms?" Indeedly no, I am inform by this sweetish police, they have much delight in these suspenses because thusly are enabled to meditate on celestial matters and say their private devotions. How wonderful, I meditate, are this city and approximate environs, where persons labour for the joy and so that others may have opportunities

"With what excitements shall I observe the crafts"

for grave reflections, and other spirituous exercises.

Alreadily we start now to approach the season of good sportings. The Cambridges, I am inform, have commenced to learn the boat rowing athletics and other watery navigations. The Cambridge *v.* Oxford racings are the great national cup tie of the year, and much esteemed by all good sporting persons. I have not yetly observed this delicious marine combat, but Hon. compatriot has so kindly enlightened my knowledges that I do not feel any further ignorance. How greatly I yearn to have witness of these liquid speedsters in azure tints. With what excitements shall I observe the crafts seeking to disastrously collide with the antagonists, so that they may bounce into the waters with amusing precipitation. When all are over, the Hon. survivors are present with a cup or other marine trophy, and darkish blue ribbons as insignal of griefs for the unluckyish sports that did not return to the surfaces.

Indeedly, we should not suffer any diminish of good sporting for 1924. A small feathered bird has whisper to my ears that Hon. Sir Jack Dempsey, the great American fister, are to arrive in this hemisphere to punch for a championship as there are not many more surviving in the United S's. How joyful it shall be to observe such delicious punches and other prime cuts, deposed with exquisite tastes and skills by Hon. Sir Dempsey upon the solor and other plexes of enemy persons. I salute my hat to this exceedingly punch merchant and shall address him very delicate and polite.

"Hon. Sir Jack Dempsey are to arrive"

Another sporting festive which shall soonly display itself, are the opening of the parliaments by Hon. majesties in royal crowns and ermine garments, accompanied by the fanfares. This, I am inform, are very gay and rareish spectacle, which should not be missed by foreign persons and other suburbans. It will be accompanied by Hon. Sir Lord Mayor in coach of gold gingerbread propelled by milk horses, like the story of Cinderellas and the glass prince. Afterwardsly the Hon. politicals, all ripe from the poles and arrayed in stylish robes of purple linen and with wigs to make them look very wise and ancient, will walk in 2 by 2 with band musics to make them feel happy. When Hon. majesty has shook hands and gone to bed, aforesaidly Hon. politicals will start to make new laws for very common persons who might otherwisely break them and become illegaly wicked.

"Hon. Sir Lord Mayor in coach of gold gingerbread"

I have just learn of very dangerous and blushful Anglo British custom. This, I am acquaint, are the leaps year when Hon. ladies acquire privilege to make marry them any Hon. gent not yetly hypothicated. How terrible it should be, Hon. Sir, if well matured fair of non-stylish appearances should esteem me her blessing and demand our connubials!

How shall shrinking foreign gent of bachelor persuasions conduct his diplomatics without being put in the divorces or otherwisely mulct by ferocious fairs?

I do not think I very greatly adore this custom, exceptly a young and chicish gazelle should make languish glances in my directions and whisper honeyed coys. Otherwisely I are not at home and excuse me.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you are sweetly hypothicated and will not have to fear these snareish damsels, I remain very fearfully,

Yugo Hama

"How shall shrinking foreign gent of bachelor persuasions conduct his diplomatics?"

A Record Run

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FILMING THE INDIAN TIGER IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS

A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING SOL

BY ROLAND ATKINSON

PHINEAS Q. MOGGS (Chicago, Ill.) strode through the marble halls of the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, with the stride of big business. He knew, we knew, everybody knew, when "Boss" Moggs lunged ahead towards something, or somewhere, with that implacable tread, that things were about to hum. The stately pillars did not quake, but that was solely on account of the thickness of the carpets, which absorbed the shock. Sambo, the most seraphic Senegalese that ever loosed a grin, saw the tornado looming up, and sprang to the revolving door, anxious to let it pass into the wider world with the first possible spin.

BUT Phineas checked his million-dollar whirl exactly by the side of the beaming but apprehensive negro. "Sambo," he said—and one could almost hear five million lids clamped down on to something pickled, as if in answer to the voice of the master—"I want to talk to someone in authority." "*Oui, monsieur; mais certainement, monsieur;* M. Fleury, *monsieur.* I shall ask for him quite at once." Moggs had to stretch out his seven-million dollar paw and haul back the alert Sambo, who was about to show that Chicago had nothing on him for hustle.

"NO, not M. Fleury. It isn't about the hotel. It's something more. It's about Monte Carlo, all of it." "Why, yes, sir. Please mention it to the officer over there, monsieur; just over there where you can see him, by the Casino." And, with the satisfied smile of the man who has neatly turned an awkward corner, he closed his swing door on the safe side of the Moggs hurricane.

PHINEAS beat down massively upon the resplendent officer in spotless white trousers, who had been indicated. "I'm Phineas Q. Moggs, super-multi-millionaire, from Chicago. I want to discuss with someone in authority this cute little business of Monte Carlo. Now, don't side-track me on to any stuffed-shirt. I only deal with the men at the top." The officer remained impassive. They are always prepared for anything at Monte Carlo.

AFTER a few seconds reflection, during which it was obvious that he had made shrewd calculations, he replied, "I think you had better consult with the captain, monsieur. He will be able to direct you to the right quarter." Phineas Q. was passed on to the captain, the subordinate undertaking that while his chief kept him talking he would make inquiries about the super-multi-millionaire at the hotel, to ascertain how far it was essential to humour him.

IN three minutes a nod informed the captain that Mr. Moggs was all he claimed to be and that it was advisable to let him run his course. "I'll conduct you to the colonel, sir," murmured the debonair captain, "and he will introduce you to the general. One must observe the etiquette, you know." From the colonel, Mr. Moggs was expeditiously sent forward to the general, who presented him to a most august-looking dignitary, whom he saluted as the Prince.

PHINEAS Q. was impressed, but not abashed. "Say, Prince," he began, "I was set down here by the Cunard combination only yesterday, but I've done your picture-postcard principality right through from A to Z. I've got the most expensive suite at the Hotel de Paris, I've entertained a party at the Café de Paris, I've had a million on the tables. And I've seen all the old stuff, that Saracen and Roman stuff, as well as all your down-town entertainments. Prince, you sure have the cutest little outfit outside Atlantic City. But what I opine is that it might be more commercialised—down to the last dime. I guess I'd make this place pay sixty-five per cent. I want to buy and, here right now, I'll sign for 250 million dollars to purchase as a going concern. My associates will be good for all that when Phineas Q. Moggs tells them he can guarantee sixty-five per cent. What's the welcome word, Prince? You to be retained as honorary president of the new society, of course."

BUT he who had been saluted as the Prince softly replied, "Sixty-five per cent.! Dear Mr. Moggs, you have much to learn in America. But I am so glad you came to see me, and I hope you will call again on your next visit."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*They keep a substitute prince at Monte Carlo to deal with persons who want to buy it or show them how to run it.*]

When Losses Are Gains

RIVIERA REVELLER (*to moon*): "Yes, old man, I've lost everything—even my heart"

A Fair Russian in a Leading Rôle

Photograph *Nickolas Muray*

MADAME FANIA MARINOFF

Who plays lead in "Tarnish," one of the most successful ventures of the theatrical season at the Belmont Theatre, New York. She is in private life the wife of Carl Van Vechten, the American novelist

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is pantomime in the right spirit. We have the more or less veracious chronicle of Dick Whittington in its stereotyped form, but there is nothing stereotyped about its interpreters. The players give the impression that while the commonplace story is an incubus that cannot be avoided, they will lighten it for us to the greatest possible extent. There is, for instance, Miss Clarice Mayne, who happily avoids making Dick the personification of "unctuous rectitude," so usual in this conventional story, and is equally merry in triumph and disaster. Miss Mayne submits to the necessary exigencies of her part with a dainty grace; but she breaks away from the burden at every possible moment and becomes just herself. The result is that while we have a coherent, if somewhat sketchy, story, complete in itself, we are able to give most of our time to the variations, as it were. Quite early in the production, for instance, Miss Mayne has a song about "The Road to Anywhere," assisted by a chorus of twelve "pantomites," which is at least one clear excuse for the existence of the pantomime.

THE Idle Apprentice is represented by Mr. Harry Weldon with admirable humour. It must be by the irony of fate that in the pantomime the Idle Apprentice appears to work much harder than the Industrious Dick. I do not remember seeing Dick try to sell anybody anything while in the employ of Alderman Fitzwarren's Stores, while Mr. Weldon does at least appear to know something of the rudiments of salesmanship, which, as I understand it, consist largely of selling people goods they don't want. It is not Mr. Weldon's fault if his sales do not come off. Everyone must admit that it cannot be an easy matter to supply the wants of a hesitating lady customer who is too bashful to mention precisely the article she requires and limits herself to vague hints that get the shopman guessing, as it were, all round the compass of the bottom drawer.

MR. HARRY WELDON and Miss Nellie Wallace are the villains of the piece, as it were; but their touch is so light that it is impossible to take their sinfulness as a serious turn of the plot. The story requires that they shall steal money and put it in Dick's pocket so that he shall be wrongly accused and dismissed; but it is easy to see that two such entirely amiable people would not think of doing anything of the kind if it were not forced on them by the book of the words. They are such a jovial pair that their offence is forgotten at once in the atmosphere of fun they manage so successfully to create. After all, the story itself is the last thing to criticise. Otherwise, we should want to ask how is it that the Idle Apprentice and his dear lady friend, the Cook, are permitted to arrange a little trip to Morocco together, as if it were quite in the ordinary way of things. But, of course, a pantomime is necessarily an inconsequential affair, and if you feel like raising awkward questions at the Palladium they reply by turning on a lovely bit of scenery that simply takes your breath away.

ONE scene that obviously delights the children is an old-fashioned display of knockabout acrobatics by Phil Rallis and Jack Evans, as the Mate and Bo'sun respectively, of the good ship *Civet*. These two agile comedians fling themselves about the stage with what seems to be a quite reckless disregard for their personal safety; and every time one of the performers comes

to earth with a heavier bump than usual, there is an answering shriek of delight from the juveniles in the house. Scientists tell us that the individual is the microcosm of the race, so that the human boy probably represents in himself the race in the savage period of its career. In no other way can I account for the howl of joy that arose when Mr. Jack Evans hit the floor with his head rather severely, or when Mr. Rallis came down heavily on—I should say, in a sitting posture. A successful purveyor of humour for the masses once told me that what people want most is a story culminating in some kind of disaster to the principal character; and I judge now that he knew what he was talking about.

MISS NELLIE WALLACE does not spare herself when it becomes necessary to help forward the rollicking humour of the show. One particularly funny scene shows her as the inevitable pillion-girl on Mr. Weldon's motor-cycle. There is, of course, the usual difficulty in starting the machine on the trot. Along the open road this trouble usually inspires sympathy; but on the stage it becomes merely an object of derision. Now and again Mr. Weldon gets the engine to start, but its vibrations are then so fierce that the unhappy pillion-girl is bumped up and down as violently as if she were sitting on the top of a very resilient spring. The movement appears to cause the most acute discomfort, and it is, therefore, hugely enjoyed by the house. I apologise for the admission that I laughed at it a good deal myself. And when the cycle suddenly broke away and started off, leaving Miss Wallace on the detached pillion bobbing furiously up and down on her own (if one may so express it) the general laughter became quite hysterical.

BROAD fun is, of course, the leading essential in pantomime; and Mr. Weldon and Miss Wallace see that it is supplied in large and satisfying quantities. There is, besides, the daintier humour of Miss Clarice Mayne, with its airy touch of pathos now and then, which gives true humour its quality. Her wistful song, "Can't You Spare a Little Love for Me?" promises to increase its already great popularity; while her chorus of "pantomites" may be described in feminine language as "awfully sweet."

THEY are a number of highly trained and intelligent children who sing and dance as if they were thoroughly enjoying the hilarious experience and wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Then there is the Cat of Mr. Fred Whittaker, who is extraordinarily successful in his humorous expression. His method of conveying by a series of "miaows" of different inflection an intelligible phrase is an art in itself. Miss Hilda Glyder is the Alice of the production, the rich girl with whom Dick is in love. This dainty lady has several good songs to her credit in the show, but the one that started the boys humming and beating time with their feet was a catchy tune about "Sitting in the Corner All Alone," a line that nearly makes its own melody.

THE Emperor of Morocco is Mr. Clifford Harcourt, whose fine voice is heard to advantage in the more serious outbreaks of music. The scenery is admirable in every way; and in more than one instance it is strikingly beautiful. An elaborate scene is that of the "Deck of the *Civet*," the good ship which is sinfully sunk by Mr. Weldon, who walks round boring holes in the deck with a big gimlet in order to let the water in, while he makes Miss Wallace sit over the boring so that it shall escape premature observation. "Foxglove Dell," with its phosphorescent effects is a very charming scene; while the Palace of the Emperor of Morocco is all that you would imagine an establishment of that important kind to be. The Palladium pantomime seems to me to be an unqualified success.

JINGLE

"H&S"

Special Scotch Whisky

MANY clients' letters of appreciation have been received in connection with "H. & S." Scotch Whisky; this is not surprising in view of the quality offered, as this Whisky is undoubtedly in a class by itself.

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Like most exclusive commodities, the price is high, viz., 15/- per bottle (Home trade).

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W.H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED, ABERLOUR-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY, SCOTLAND.

C.F.H.

THE LORE OF THE DOG

"ABOUT IT AND ABOUT"

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

LAST week I mentioned that there was no end of room for discussion in Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Richardson's interesting new book, *Watch-Dogs*, and I suppose there can be no better evidence of a book's success than the fact of its being much talked about; in which case the author and publishers of *Watch-Dogs* should be well pleased.

For the most part sound and practical, in all parts stimulating, Colonel Richardson's book is in no danger of falling into the dull category of writings which fail to interest because they express only views about which everyone is agreed. Some of my correspondents are almost alarmingly peremptory. Thus:

> If he is really expert what does he mean by never once mentioning the breed that is easily ahead of all others in watch and guard work; the Alsatians?

With profound salaams, I would reply to this lady exhibitor (*a*) Am I my learned brother's keeper? (*b*) On casual reference, and without search, I find space devoted to the breed in question on pages 71 and 264. It has not yet been made a criminal offence, I believe, to belong, as this author does, to the company of those who consider "German Sheep Dog" a more correct designation than "Alsatian"; and even if so drastic a step should be taken (say, by Comrade Ramsay MacDonald), I still would risk a shade of odds in openly endorsing Colonel Richardson's considered verdict that:

> In this country we should have no difficulty in getting plenty of canine recruits for police work—nor, be it said, for any other kind of work for which Dogs are fitted. The characteristics which have made, and which will conserve the British race for what it is, are mirrored in the minds of many of the native breeds of dogs. Some of these are the most wonderful animals in the world, and cannot be approached by the dogs of any other nation. . . . They are more courageous and better tempered . . . etc.

Essentially sound and true if you consider it carefully, that is one of the best passages in a notable book, by reason of its suggestive reference to the vital matter of the way in which our Dog friends, from generation to generation, do mirror and reflect national human character, in their own minds and personalities. I decry no canine breed, native or foreign; but, by the same token, I am profoundly convinced that there are no Dogs in the world who can beat, or are better adapted for training for any kind of work that we would wish them to tackle, than British-bred Dogs. I'm certain of that.

Will I endorse Colonel Richardson's expressed views about the use of chains? No, I won't. Or his view that it's only foolish superstition which makes us forbid our Dog friends to toast their noses before the fire? Again, in the negative, please.

Lots of sound old ideas are called superstitious simply because they weren't born yesterday. Try hanging your own face and paws over a low fender curb in front of a hot fire, for an hour, and see if you find it conducive to fitness.

Feeding? Sorry; but again I must decline to endorse the author's counsel. This strikes me as his weakest subject. Very surprising, in so practical an authority. He overlooks fundamental physiological facts, over-rates farinaceous foods, and gravely underrates the basic import of the fact that the Dog is essentially carnivorous. The notions about packing in food with Dogs in travelling boxes are pernicious. Feed an hour before the journey, and an hour after its completion; water on the journey, if possible, but a mess of food in the bed—St. Hubert forfend!

(I trust the author will eliminate this, and the lamentable advocacy of the use of soap or sugar boxes as travelling boxes, and a few other risky hints, from future editions, *and* add an index.)

The puppy-feeding counsel is no better than the other parts on feeding. Far better leave out the milky slops for the unweaned, and start them, in this sequence, on beef juice, scraped lean, minced lean, small-cut lean. No, this excellent and all-round interesting work on Dogs is not at its best in the feeding section.

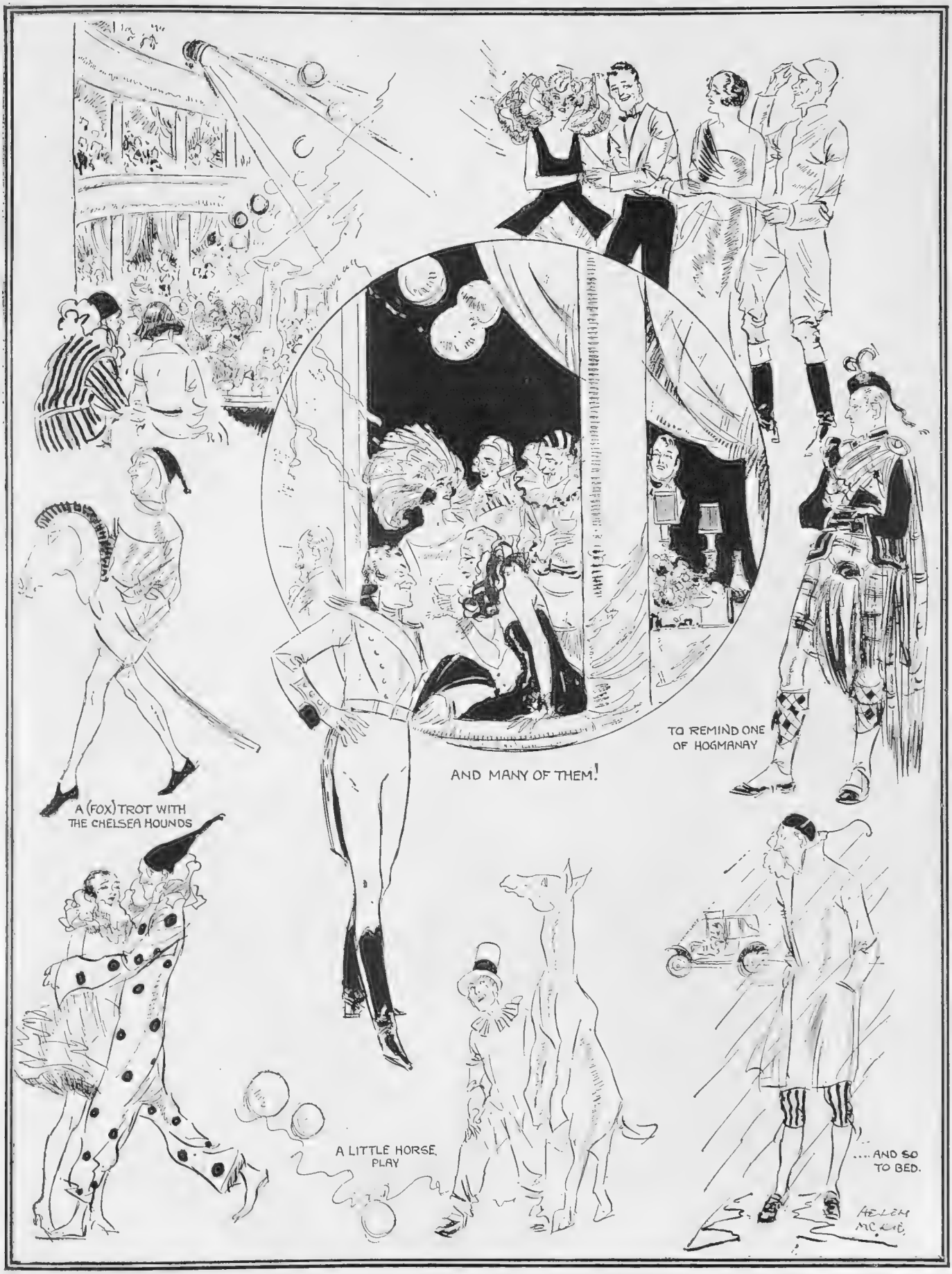
On this all-important question you'll find safer counsel in the admirable article by Captain Hamilton Kirk, M.R.C.V.S., in that remarkably fine production, the Christmas Number of *Our Dogs*. They say the modern Christmas Number is apt to be ancient history and obsolete before the holidays begin; but this sumptuous *Our Dogs* issue—round about 300 pages of pictures and letterpress—really forms a delightful work of reference for the year; an astonishing tribute to, and evidence of, the status of the doggy community in Britain.

A correspondent who wisely admits that it's not playing the game to try to evade quarantine law for Dogs, adds that travellers who find the problem distressing may be glad to hear of Mrs. N. Parry, of the East Kent Canine Bureau, Gloucester Place, Folkestone, whose place is only a few miles from the quarantine station, and who visits Dogs there regularly, befriends them on arrival and release, meets Dogs in London, and professionally discharges many other doggy tasks, besides providing a "home from home."

The best safeguard against Distemper? Well, first of all, send whatever subscription you can afford to the Distemper Research Fund, at the *Field* Office, or the Kennel Club. Personally, I believe in the precaution of inoculation—by a good Vet. Also, since much depends on *early* treatment, never neglect what looks like a common cold, or nasal catarrh. Let a Vet. judge.

"POLICE WORK"

Through the (Champagne) Glass Lightly—



BY HELEN McKIE

—And some of those who saw the New Year in at the Chelsea Arts Ball

"Short veils down to the nose"

The Importance of Fashion

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 7

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT a wonderful thing Fashion is, to be sure, isn't it? I don't mean merely 'cos of its—or should I say her?—vagaries, either, though they're quite enough, I s'pose, to more or less merit the epithet of marvellous.

SHORT sleeves being worn, f'rinstance, in the very heart of winter. And quite a lot of us having pos'tively to go into training 'cos of frocks being once more so straight-down-from-the-shoulders and tube-like and tight. Can't even walk really *very* rapidly in 'em to get warm, if your circulash. should happen to seem to need something in the way of cheering up, after dallying at a specially seductive shop-window in Bond Street and environs. And, oh! those screaming little short veils we're wearing again, just down to the nose, some of us—that don't even keep off the smuts, though must confess *are* sometimes rather becoming.

EVEN men, 'parently, are having quite a lot of fashions just now, so I gather from one of the youthful experts—or what *they* call fashions, anyway. Great revival of buttonholes, for one thing, with their evening clothes, and fearful revolutions and heart-searchings 'bout the number of buttons on their white waistcoats, and whether the lapels thereof should be wide apart or close together. While as to the matter of *coiffure*, it's undergone all sorts of changes—no more smoothly oiled heads, it seemeth, and whiskers abolished right out of the scheme of things. . . . Listened to quite a heated argument, I did, on this same momentous question at Ciro's the other night, where the lovely orange and green ballroom seemed as full as ever, despite the fact that so many of their members must be by now enjoying the sunshine and other d'lights of the Riviera and places, 'cluding, of course, the 10 per cent. concession that their London membership card gives them at Ciro's in Monte and Paris.

TALKING about heads, by the way, seems that for *us*, meanwhile, bobbed hair is definitely dead. The Congress of French Hairdressers has decided against it—so that, of course, finishes it and closes all discussion, and such of us as are still bobbed had better either (1) go into a nunnery or (2) let it grow again as quickly as poss. Worst of it being, though, 'cording to the same authority, that bobbing doesn't, 'parently, encourage your hair to get longer *or* thicker, as commonly and vulgarly believed. While as for shingling, it's even more fatally "detrimental," though they don't say how, and is to go out altogether early this 1924. More good news for some more of us—what?

BUT, quite 'part from the oddish kind of things she does sometimes, must say I do think Madame la Mode really has a 'straordinarily bracing and civilising influence on us all. Keeps us up to the mark, for one thing—like reading the latest books and going to the latest plays, 'stead of falling into the terrible rut of sameness, whose devastating effects are so truly fearful and awful.

"Buttonholes with evening dress"

LOOK what's happened in Lhasa, *par exemple*, that I've just been seeing a lovely film about at the Oxford, 'companied by lecture by youthful and intrepid explorer, Dr. McGovern by name, who penetrated right into the sacred inner fastnesses of Tibet, disguised as one of 'emselves. Act'lly there, he told us, women's fashions haven't changed at all for a whole 300 years! Think of it! And everything else too terribly prehistoric to match. Whole show run by priests, who take two-thirds of what everyone makes—worse than the Capital Levy—what?—and the poor benighted ruler of the lot, or Grand Lama himself, hadn't even *heard* of Mr. Lloyd George!

ALL of which is even worse, isn't it, than in some county and country places we wot of? Where they still wear *toques* and feather boas and boots and storm-capes, and waists, and long gloves in the evening and "fascinators" over their heads and other fit companions for the moths. And still think Bernard Shaw rather rapid—those of 'em who've heard of him, that is—and select from Mudie's the safer works of Mr. Norris or Mrs. B. M. Croker, with an occasional daring dash into Ethel M. Dell. And solemnly "call" with all due forms and ceremonies, and ask each other to dinner weeks and weeks ahead, and all that sort of thing.

'COURSE I know there's lots of old fogies and moths of both sexes, likewise perfectly healthy and what they call sensible persons, who'll tell you that fashion doesn't matter one little bit, and's all a snare and a delusion, in fact, and every time a new book comes out read an old one, and other cherished *cliches* of the hopelessly conservative statusquo-ites of this world. Which is all very nice and excellent if you're just going to be content to pass your so-called life as a virtuous veg. But rather a serious cause and impediment against the cutting of any kind of ice—what?

FASHIONS! They do seem rather extra *specially* 'portant, don't they, just this particular period of the January sales? When you can buy all sorts of simply miraculous bargains at the shops from complete silk and wool frocks for thirty bob, to a fifty-guinea Paris model reduced to a mere paltry nine or ten. Dress more cheaply to-day, don't we, than in, say, some of the bewigged and hooped and brocaded periods of last week's d'lightful Chelsea Arts Ball.

TALKING about dress—the picturesque kind, I mean, was simply fearfully fascinated by the all-white ones in *Dick Whittington* at the Palladium the other night. Not only Clarice Mayne's, though she has a most 'tractive white satin affair in one of the acts showing off her nice legs, but there's also a really rather wonderful white scene to finish up with, where every single one of the crowd on the stage's all snowy and spotless 'gainst

"Can't even walk rapidly in them"

a coloured background. Much more effective than lots of the 'laborate American effects we're always being invited to fall down and worship, and are sometimes hypnotised into, too, against our better natures (as they say) by sheer force of noise. Really rather overdo it in the way of politeness to other nations sometimes, don't we—what?

MUST say I rather like pantos. meself once again nowadays, now that they don't seem to talk politics in 'em any more. Used to be, quite a little while ago, so many what they called "topical" songs and things that there was hardly time in between for the Cat to wash its face or the Giant to have his head cut off. But now, meseems, fashion has changed once more, and there's lots of innocent mirth and revelry and the knockabout turns that me and the children love. And when the Cat act'lly climbed up from the stalls and began walking all along the edge of the dress circle amid delighted cheers from infant audience—well, I really was cheered and my heart was lighter than a fly, as they say in that jolly little eighteenth cent. comic opera at the Everyman, *Love in a Village*.

ALSO Odd's Jack and S'Death. . . . . Rather love these ancient phrases, don't you, spite of all the importance of fashion. Yet another of the very newest fashions, by the way—to have a food named after you in the manner of *pêche Melba*. Latest being, I'm told, the *pêche* Margaret Bannerman, as invented at the Berkeley, and consisting largely of maple syrup and Benedictine. *Quel horreur!* Pers'nally, if they *must* do it, shall choose as *my* dish a *beefsteak Blanchette*—which will be, 'tween you and me, just a steak, 'thout any syrup, or *sirope*, or Benedictine, or any other sort of trimmings. . . . Only the very best and tenderest steak that ever was, cooked with the very best and tenderest care, by, if poss., a British *chef*—not that there are too many of *those* around, worse luck.

APROPOS of meals, hear the Huns had all their restaurants in Berlin packed last week with New Year diners at £4 or so a head—so no doubt our Reps. won't be long coming along now (I don't think). And I hear, also, they've turned the Tuscan, in Shaftesbury Avenue—you remember, the place where once you used to choose your own fish for dinner all swimming in a private pool—into a perfectly good nice new "Kosher" restaurant, where all the cooking's super-sanitary and oysters and all suchlike oddments are barred. How fashions do change, to be sure. . . .

"Huns' New Year supper at £4 a head"

MAY change even more drastically than usual ere long, too, mayn't they, if *some* of the things happen that they predict, in the Parliament that meets again to-morrow as ever is. But cheer up. There's a new opera season starting off at Covent Garden to-night—rather sorry it's a Hun piece, to begin with, but I 'spose art has no nationality, as someone once remarked. And am going on afterwards to test once more the dancing (not to mention cooking) excellencies of that *rather* s'ductive Lamb's Club, just over Leicester Square Station, that is also becoming *quite* one of the fashions these days. So here's, once more, to Madame la Mode.

With love,

yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Photograph THE THEATRICAL VOTE RACE

Some of "The Bystander's" special staff hard at work sorting the vote-ive offerings which poured in from all quarters of the globe from readers who entered for our Popular Actor Competition. A few weeks must elapse before the name of the winner becomes known, as the polling has been unusually heavy

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

THE FIRST THREE HOME

In the Inter-'Varsity Ski Race at Mürren which the Oxford Team won by 19 points to 16. Left to right: C. E. Pitman (Christchurch, Oxford) first; L. Dobbs (St. John's, Cambridge) second; I. Bowater (Magdalen, Oxford) third

VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH

Winner of the big Ski Race for the Roberts of Kandahar Challenge Cup at Mürren on Wednesday last. He is the Earl of Lytton's heir, and has already won renown as an athlete at Eton

Photographs

WILL HE "CRASH"?

A Ski-jumper negotiating the famous Julier Leap at Suvretta, near St. Moritz. The "take-off," which the jumper has just achieved is, comparatively speaking, as easy as falling off a log. The science comes at the moment of landing in the valley below. The slightest mistake means a purler as magnificent as the leap which precedes it

Sport and General

R. LACOSTE

Winner of the Coupe de Noel, the big event of the covered court lawn tennis season in Paris, after a five-set final against the holder, J. Borotra. Lacoste, who came suddenly to the front in International, as well as in French, lawn tennis last year, is only eighteen years old, but plays with the coolness of a veteran

Photograph FIRST BLOOD FOR ENGLAND *Central News*

J. W. J. Rinkel (Blundell's) scores the first try in the Rugby-football match at Richmond on New Year's Day, in which the English beat the Scottish Public Schools by 25 points to nil. Rinkel, a wing three-quarter of promise, scored three tries in all

Photograph] HARD LUCK! *[G.P.U.*

E. P. Sewell (St. Peter's, York), the player on the ground, breaks his collar-bone while playing for the schoolboys of Middlesex against the schoolboys of Kent at Richmond on Wednesday last. When he was disabled Middlesex were leading, but they were ultimately beaten partly (though not wholly) owing to Sewell's enforced retirement, by 18 points to 6

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

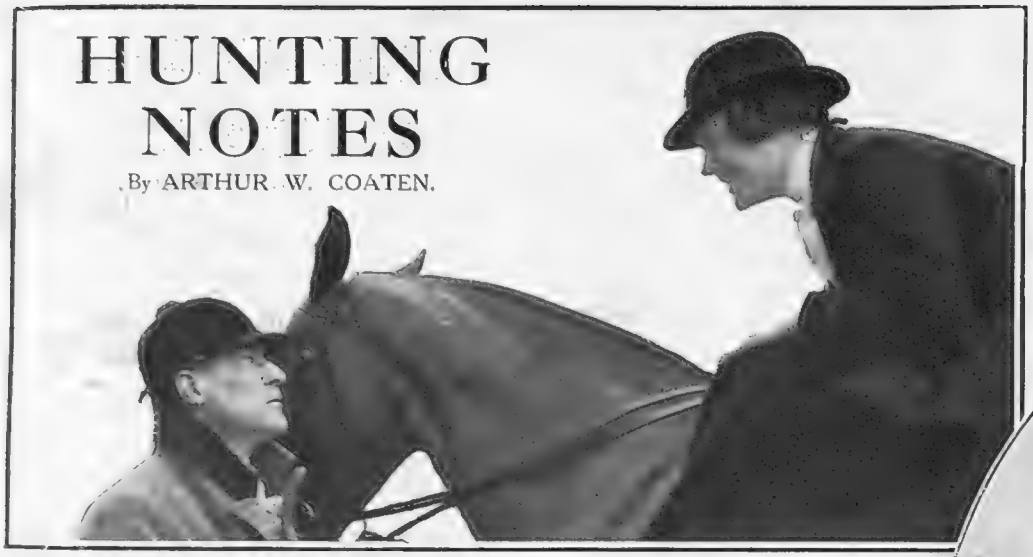
A. G. Havers (left), the English Open Champion, and J. Ockenden, holder of the Open Championship of France, photographed on the links of the Westchester Country Club—the jumping-off point of their golfing tour in America

Photograph] EN AVANT, LA FRANCE! *[Central Press*

The French Rugby football team, who beat Scotland in the first of the Season's International Matches in Paris on New Year's Day, by 12 points to 10—a result which even the most perfervid supporters of France were shy of predicting. But the Frenchmen when "at home" are notoriously hard to beat, and in this encounter they lasted well through a gruelling match played in rain on a very "heavy" pitch. Of the nine matches played between the two nations, France has now won 3 and drawn 1. She has beaten Ireland twice in 10 matches, has drawn with England once in 13, and has lost 11 to Wales

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN.



Photograph A MARKET MORNING *Alfieri*

Miss Dunville Smyths chatting with Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, at a recent Whaddon Chase meet in the Market Square at Aylesbury. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake is the Master of the Old Berkeley

Crowded Fields

IT was the irony of fate that, as soon as they had put the bar up against visitors from neighbouring Hunts, the Pytchley should themselves have been stopped by an outbreak of the dreaded cattle disease in Northamptonshire. The now famous edict by which the Pytchley Committee suspended its "capping" amenities naturally caused a deal of grumbling among disgruntled foxhunters who were in enforced idleness in adjoining countries. A moment's reflection, however, will show that the Pytchley people were right. At all costs the interests of the farmers must be preserved, and vast fields like that which assembled from all corners of the Shires to meet the Northamptonshire pack on Boxing Day—would, naturally, be objectionable even to the best-tempered agriculturists. Damage done by the members of one's own Hunt is one thing, and that done by strangers here to-day and gone to-morrow is quite another. All this, you may be sure, was carefully thought out by the Pytchley Committee before they said "subscribers only." Meanwhile, we have to make the best of a thoroughly bad job and hope for an early resumption of the Shires. They are now sanguine of getting to work again quite soon in Leicestershire and Warwickshire.

Badminton Changes

EVEN in the Badminton country, with its wide area and its six days a week, the necessity of keeping down the size of the fields has made itself felt. Here, however, the new restrictions are not so rigorous as the Pytchley people made them. You may still have an occasional day with the Beaufort Hounds, but instead of handing over a "couple" as formerly you are now expected to contribute £3 per day to the Hunt funds. After four days of capping you must become a full-blown subscriber, and there is an elaborate scale of minimum subscriptions to cover all cases. In addition to the ordinary cap, there is now what is known as a "special cap" for non-subscribers. It is hardly necessary to add that farmers who hunt are exempted from the cap, but it covers practically everybody else. Even subscribers who have hitherto enjoyed the privilege of mounting their friends without being capped find this concession withdrawn.

With the Bicester

ONE of the packs on the borderland of the Shires whose countries have been comparatively free from foot-and-mouth regulations, the Bicester, are now going strong. In his first season as their huntsman, Clarence Johnson is doing very well, and Lord Chesham is displaying all the necessary keenness in the Mastership. Last week this pack had several cancelled days owing to the death of Lord Jersey, which has caused great grief throughout the district. Middleton Park, in the heart of the country, has always been a stronghold of foxes. As Lord Long reminds us in his recently published volume of reminiscences, it has been clearly shown at Middleton Park that foxes and pheasants can be bred together without interfering one iota with the quality of the hunting or the shooting. We may be sure that Lord Jersey was always mindful of Bicester Hunt interests. Time was when nobody could beat him over that strongly fenced region. Latterly, the affairs of the Turf had taken up much of his time, but I clearly remember the days when he played a dashing game of polo. With Mr. "Freddy" Menzies and others, he used to run a team which enjoyed no end of fun at home and abroad. Hunting is also poorer by the recent deaths of Mr. N. C. Cockburn, formerly a Lincolnshire M.F.H., and Colonel Guy Mort, who was well known with the Chiddingfold. The latter will be sadly missed at the polo clubs.

A. W. C.

Photograph *Alfieri*

A SUSSEX SCENE

Lady Burrell and Lieut.-Col. R. W. McKergow, the Master, at a meet of the Crawley and Horsham at West Grinstead Park, the Sussex seat of Mr. J. P. Hornung

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE CHIEF SCOUT AT THE MEET

Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, known the world over for his initiation of the Boy Scout movement, talking to Major Holdsworth at a recent meet of the H. H. With him are his daughter, Betty, and a type of stick not unknown to his young disciples

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Loss to the Turf

LORD JERSEY was one of the commanding personalities of the Turf, and will be difficult to replace. I do not mean that he was a ruler in the sense that Admiral Rous was, nor that he was so indifferent to wounding susceptibilities as at least one other notable racing legislator has been. He had a natural aptitude for doing and saying the right thing when racing affairs were under discussion, and in my time there have been few, if any, more effective Stewards of the Jockey Club. He reasoned things out admirably and was able to advance his views most persuasively, with the result that his opinions always carried great weight at the meetings of the mighty of the Turf. A few seasons ago he was one of those who tackled the thorny problem of making things easier for owners, and though the original programme had to be modified when the boom dropped out of racing, the reforms he helped to institute have been of permanent value to those who provide the horses. In his youth he was a dashing punter, very fond of a fling on the rails as well as at Monte Carlo. But upon taking an active part in Turf legislation he was usually quite satisfied to allow his horses to run for the stake. Everybody who has the true interests of the Turf at heart must deeply deplore the passing of Lord Jersey.

Photograph A RACING TRIO [*W. A. Rouch*

Three prominent figures in the 'chasing world, who are known to all frequenters of the racecourse. In the centre is F. B. Rees, the champion cross-country jockey, his brother, L. B. Rees, is on his right, and George Poole, the trainer, on his left

Over the Sticks

CONDITIONS continue to favour National Hunt sport, and the season so far has been one of the most successful within memory. One blot upon it has been the sad accident to "Tubby" Bennet, who at the time of writing still seems to be in a bad way. I doubt whether there is a more popular personality in National Hunt racing than Captain Bennet, and the sport does not seem to be quite the same without a glimpse of his dashing horsemanship over the fences. Perhaps the finest race we have seen up to the present this season was that for the Victory Steeplechase at Manchester last week. As the first three horses passed the judge's box almost in line, one might have imagined it to be a stirring struggle on the flat. Each of the three jockeys had an idea that he had "just won." It was, however, Fred Rees who caught the judge's eye, and he has rarely ridden a better race than he put up on Soothing Glass. Tom Coulthwaite had a disappointing meeting. But never fear, his time will come. We shall all be singing the praises of the Hednesford trainer again before long.

Photograph BEFORE THE MEET [*Alfieri*

Three followers of the Crawley and Horsham with Mr. J. P. Hornung, at whose seat, West Grinstead Park, the meet was held. Mr. G. Hornung (left), Mrs. Du Boulay, Mr. J. P. Hornung and Capt. Hornung

At Lingfield

THIS week Lingfield looks like showing us the best racing. A chance occurs for Noce d'Argent and Savernake to meet at even weights in the Blindley Heath Hurdle Race on Friday. There is very little to choose between them, and it should be a struggle well worth seeing. I think that on the strength of his triumph at Newbury over Civic Guard we must give a slight preference to **Savernake.** On the second day **Eureka II** will have an opportunity of making amends for the deplorable mishap which overtook him at Newbury. On the same afternoon **Tibet** looks a likely winner of the Tandridge Court Hurdle Race. The entries for the spring handicaps and other big races, published last week, are very satisfactory all round. The Gold Cup at Ascot is particularly alluring with its remarkable international flavour. I am wondering whether we shall see Zev at the Royal meeting. What an attraction the conqueror of Papyrus would be!

PROPHECIES FOR 1924

THAT you will hear the following remarks:—

"Oh, partner!"

"Just my luck, partner."

"If only you hadn't taken me out we should have won the game."

"If only you had taken out my no-trumper we should have been all right."

"The cards fell badly, partner."

"Why didn't you double?"

"What on earth did you double for? You should have supported my call."

"I did it to save the game, partner."

"I was only trying to put them up. I never expected to be left in."

"I had to show you something, partner."

"I was hoping you would go no-trumps."

"You hadn't an original Spade call."

"I never hold any cards. Don't rely upon me for a single trick."

"My partner let me down badly."

. . . . . .

I constantly receive enquiries about side-bets, but I can't understand why there is any difficulty or doubt about them. Law 107 plainly states that "bets on the result of a rubber are won by the winners on points."

Thus if you have a bet with Z, and he wins the rubber but loses on points, he has to pay the bet. If no money changes hands over the rubber, as when both sides have an equal score, or a score of under ten and no payment passes, the bet is void. This has been the practice at most clubs for some time, and it is, I understand, plainly stated in the revised code of Portland Club Laws to be issued in a few days that *bets follow the money*.

. . . . . .

While it is difficult if not impossible for Clubs to legislate about side-bets, I think that they should be in proportion to the stakes at issue. Suppose you are playing for five shillings a hundred, and your partner has a ten pound side bet, which I have known happen. The points, so far as he is concerned, are practically negligible in proportion to the "tenner."

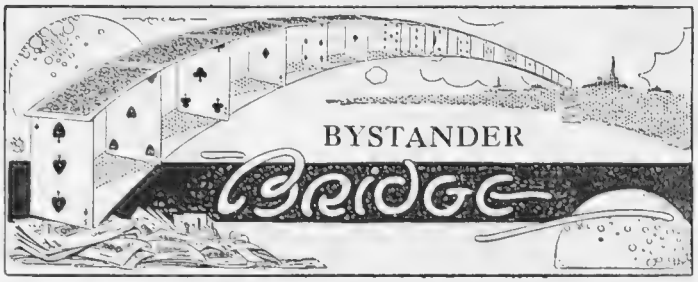
Human nature being what it is, it is very probable that the bet will influence his play. If he can squeeze out with a win of 20 points or more he will get his bet. Hence he may overcall and "flag-fly" in order to keep the rubber alive, and in his zeal to win his bet may lose you many points you might have won.

Personally, I prefer increased stakes to side-bets, and think they are fairer all round. I would rather play for an extra sum per 100 points than for a flat stake dependent on the result.

. . . . . .

I remember an after-dinner rubber where my partner, a rich man, had £100 side bet, with one of our opponents. I was playing one pound per 100 points. It was an amusing rubber, for the two who had bets simply would not stop calling. It lasted nearly two hours, each side going down time after time. At last, more by good luck than good calling, we won the rubber. But the net gain was just over 50 points. My partner won his £100, and my share of the "swag" was ten shillings.

It may be great fun to play this sort of game now and then, but it is not really Bridge. High side-bets spoil Bridge.



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER
(Author of "Auction Bridge Variations")

SIDE-BETS

Solution to Problem XI

First Round—Z, "one Spade." A, "two Clubs." Y, "two Diamonds." B, "No."

Second Round—Z, "two Hearts." A, "No." Y, "No." B, "three Clubs."

Third Round—Z, "No." A, "No." Y, "three Hearts." All pass.

A makes two Club tricks. At trick 3 he probably leads 10 of Hearts. Y takes the trick with the Jack, and leads 5 of Spades. Z wins with the Ace, and leads a small Spade, and trumps with the 2 of Hearts, and leads the 7 of Hearts. Z wins with the Queen and leads a small Spade. Y trumps with the King, and leads King of Diamonds. B wins with the Ace.

Whatever B leads now Z must make the rest of the tricks as all the Spades are good. Z makes game, losing only two Clubs and one Diamond.

There is a double dummy defence which, no doubt, my astute readers will see, but the above is how the game was actually played by experienced players.

Prizes have been awarded to: Mrs. HOLMES WILSON, 2, Martello Terrace, Dun Laoghaire, co. Dublin; A. T. DE SAUSMAREZ, Springfield, Guernsey, and A. C. SHARP, 4, Alexandra Road, Harrogate.

. . . . . .

Bridge for Beginners (Herbert Jenkins: 3*s.* 6*d.*) is an excellent little manual which I can recommend to those who want a grounding in the game. Its author, "Tenace," of the *Referee*, has the gift of lucid exposition. He is free from fads, and deals with his subject from the point of view of common-sense. He treats of some of the human aspects of the game, and rubs in a point on which I have often enlarged, the necessity of keeping on good terms with your partner, even though the effort may involve almost super-human self-restraint.

. . . . . .

"You are not there to teach him the game," says "Tenace." "To begin with, you cannot do it on the play of one hand, and, if you could, it would be to your disadvantage, since, on the average, he will be twice as often against you as with you. Suffer in silence, and hope that somebody else will be cut with the atrocity-monger next time." Silence indeed is often golden.

BY EDDIE BENFIELD

A HIGHLAND BURN

"An' hoo d'ye like yon new-fangled gas fire, Donal?"

"Losh, 'mon, 'tis wunnerful. We've had it ower twa months, and it hasna gone oot yet"

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

The great superiority of the quality of "BLACK & WHITE" is evidenced by an always increasing demand both in the Home and in the Export Market.

As a result of the compulsory stoppage of distillation for two years there is a serious shortage of Old Matured Scotch Whiskies, without which no blend of high-class quality can be produced.

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PICTURE PLAYS
AS SEEN FROM THE STALLS

"SCARAMOUCHE"
AT THE TIVOLI

THE making of pictures of the French Revolution is to the film industry what measles is to childhood. It is not very painful. It is not generally fatal. It is catching. It is nearly inevitable.

Now Mr. Rex Ingram has filmed *Scaramouche*, Rafael Sabatini's novel of the French Revolution. I am sure it must be a great disappointment to the film industry, because Mr. Ingram's French Revolution is a Revolution in itself. He has revolted against every directorial convention. He shows not even one tumbril, but he has driven a horse and cart through every other filmed Revolution. He has left out the guillotine! He has broken the rules. He has dared to build, around French Revolution atmosphere, a film not only physically gigantic, but spiritually sincere and artistically beautiful.

True he has the usual titled cold-blooded aristocrat, but his aristocrat is Mr. Lewis Stone, who in order of precedence, need give place to none in the aristocracy of actors. Mr. Stone is completely master of his art, so much so in *Scaramouche* that, although he plays "the villyun's part," he competes with the hero for my sympathies.

Mr. Ramon Novarro, who is the hero, is a young actor blest with the best of good looks. I think, with experience, he may be a very great actor, but as yet he seems unable to carry a part which demands a sense of tragedy as well as an aptitude for romance. The latter comes easily to youth, but the cloak of tragedy must be worn for years before it can be carried gracefully. It seemed to me that the title part of *Scaramouche* is of greater emotional range than Mr. Novarro can yet accomplish, but, perhaps, the most severe test imposed upon him was that he had to compete in dramatic appeal with Mr. Lewis Stone.

THE LEADING LADY OF "SCARAMOUCHE"

Miss Alice Terry, who plays the part of Aline de Kerçadiou in the film version of Rafael Sabatini's stirring romance of the French Revolution. She is the wife of Rex Ingram, the producer

Miss Alice Terry, who is the heroine, is grace personified. She does not infuse much drama into this part, but we have had so many melodramatic film heroines that Miss Terry's repose is a positive virtue by contrast.

Otherwise the acting is of the highest possible standard.

There is one player whose drinking of a glass of port is a perfect and unforgettable piece of film business. There is another player whose brief glimpse of Marat is a flash of genius. There is an unnamed girl, a victim of the Marquis, whose one appearance on the screen is a vivid and vital thing. There is a romantic glimpse of a young unknown, unemployed officer, Napoleon Bonaparte. There are, time and again, faces in the vast crowds which flash out to convey more atmosphere than pages of written narrative.

I have no hesitation whatever in saying *Scaramouche* is a work of art fit to be ranked with the best achievements on similar themes in any other medium. Because of that I am glad it is a great success at the Tivoli. It is a good thing that the public should appreciate the best. Such a popular gesture will hearten other producers to lift their ideals higher. W. A. M.

The Literary Log
ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MOUNT EVEREST is still unconquered, but there can be little doubt that sooner or later man in an oxygen helmet of some kind will stand on its summit, and presumably be temporary monarch of all he surveys Meanwhile the story of General Bruce's recent expedition may be read. *The Assault on Mount Everest*, 1922 (Arnold: 25*s.* net) reads like an exciting romance. The expedition, it is true, failed in its chief object, but it achieved more than one big success. Man had climbed higher than ever before, and but for the weather, which "went wrong," and the oxygen masks, which proved unsatisfactory, Mount Everest would have been "for it," as one of the members observed. The book, however, loses nothing in interest because the attempt failed, and as several members of the expedition, including its leader, have contributed, it covers every aspect of the undertaking. Incidentally, there are some wonderfully beautiful photographs.

MR. HORACE BLEACKLEY'S historical studies of the eighteenth century are well-known. In particular his Life of Wilkes was exceptionally good. He has the *flair* for the right kind of research work. His latest book is a little daring, no less than the story of *Casanova in England* (Lane: 15*s.* net). This is told for the most part by the picturesque old rascal himself, but Mr. Bleackley's running commentary is extraordinarily interesting. Incidentally, his researches bear out the view that although Casanova could be astonishingly inaccurate when it suited his purpose, his memory at times was highly trustworthy. His sojourn in London was full of drama and intrigue, and the ladies whose acquaintance he made were, as usual, very beautiful and attractive. His naughtiness cannot be denied, but as an historian of contemporary manners he is a valuable writer, and Mr. Bleackley's book, with its wealth of illustrations, takes a high place in the growing library of *Casanoviana*.

MR. HARRY TIGHE'S new novel, *Life's Antagonisms* (Thornton Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is the best piece of work he has done. It contains a little gallery of portraits which have been painted with a skill which must call forth the warmest admiration. Mr. Tighe himself is a very keen observer of life, and he does not confine himself to one class. Indeed, in this book it is the contrast in outlook between the classes and masses which makes up a subordinate theme. The main story concerns the careers of two sisters, daughters of a little suburban tobacconist who has all the worst qualities of his class. He is suspicious, narrow-minded, talks "red" in Hyde Park, and has a grudge against everybody. He is a pitiful creature, and Mr. Tighe introduces him to you in a masterful fashion. Failure is his lot, and deservedly so. On the other hand, his daughters succeed, each in her own way, but only after they have gone through the mill. The younger marries a rich tradesman, the son of her father's partner, and is unwillingly forced into "society." The elder marries an agricultural labourer. They face their antagonisms with boldness, and are, incidentally, helped by an aunt, who is, perhaps, Mr. Tighe's most successful creation. Criticisms suggest themselves here and there in minor points of technique, but the book is interesting throughout, and Mr. Tighe may be congratulated on the manner in which he has treated his theme. Certainly, Aunt Susan deserves a whole book to herself.

Accomplished Equestrians

Prince of Sportsmen!

No more apt title could be bestowed upon our valiant Heir Apparent. An enthusiastic supporter of most of Britain's national sports and games, the Prince of Wales is well accomplished in the hunting field. A horseman of particular daring, his riding always shows a dash and vigour which endears him to all followers of hounds.

With the Pytchley and other packs he rides straight and true. Possessing a steady nerve and abounding good sportsmanship, His Royal Highness has won the esteem and affection of all hunting people—in "Our Prince" all good sportsmen discern the qualities of a fine and courageous leader.

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St. James's 5

MOTOR NOTES

A CAR WITH A PEDIGREE

The Renault car, one of the first French cars to be introduced into this country, moves with the times. Above is seen one of the new 8·3 h.p. cloverleaf touring models, which is a masterpiece of modern motor construction

EUROPEAN motorists have always fancied cars of distinctive appearance, and that famous French firm, Renault Frères, have certainly provided their customers with such cars in their latest models. The present Renault bonnet with its monogram, enables the passer-by at once to distinguish this make of vehicle from any other on the road. At the same time, because a car is not of precisely the same pattern as other vehicles, it does not sell unless it can give good performance as well. Quite recently, a 1924 model 8.3 h.p. Renault two-seater climbed the stiff ascent of the great Orme Head, Llandudno, although it has a gradient of one in three in some places. The climb was made without any difficulty, and with no boiling of the water in the radiator, and no excessive consumption of lubricating oil. Moreover, the brakes proved absolutely efficient during the descent, which was in truth more terrifying to the passengers than the ascent.

* * *

IN such an old make as the Renault, motorists have taken for granted that the name is sufficient testimony of its worth. At the same time, one of the few complaints was the unget-at-ableness of the carburettor. Now, all their vehicles are fitted with a new type of carburettor, which is not only simple in its construction but very accessible as well. The most interesting item in its details is the automatic extra air arrangement. This consists of a cylinder acting as a kind of hydraulic dash-pot, which is connected by a small opening with the channel that conducts the petrol to the main and slow running jets of the carburettor. As the engine speeds up and increases the suction, so this extra air-valve opens and feeds the mixture with additional air, thereby economising fuel and also improving the mixture.

MOTORISTS will be pleased to learn that all the chief insurance companies are holding their motor-car policy-holders duly covered under the new Workmen's Compensation Act, which came into operation on January 1, 1924, under which a chauffeur is included. Also, no extra premiums will be required on existing policies, and, as far as I can learn, I do not think they will increase them on any new one. Anyway, in case motorists have any doubt on the subject, it is worth noting that comprehensive circulars have been issued by the leading Tariff Companies which tells them plainly that their policy is covered in respect of (1) Common Law, (2) Fatal Accidents Act, 1846, (3) Employer's Liability Act, 1880, (4) the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, (5) the Workmen's Compensation (War Edition) Acts, 1917 and 1919, and the new Workmen's Compensation Act, 1923. What really happens now is that Nos. 1, 2 and 3 remain unchanged, No. 4 is amended by the 1923 Act, which provides materially higher compensation, and No. 5 is cancelled by the new Act.

OLD HY.

LANCHESTER

THE SUPER-EXCELLENCE of the Lanchester is based upon an unparalleled experience in the building of high-grade Cars. It embodies more individual features than any other Car manufactured, and each one is determined by actual experience. The wonderful Epicyclic Silent Change Speed Gear, the remarkable Lanchester Cantilever Suspension, the Lanchester Worm Final Drive, are mechanical features that are world-renowned. Added to these is an Engine of amazing flexibility, efficiency and silence, and Coachwork well known to be unequalled. A trial run will convince you that there is nothing better to be obtained.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.,
Armourer Mills, 88 Deansgate, 95 New Bond Street,
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Write for particulars of the new Lanchester 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Car. The "Lion of the Olympia Show."

The ruling spirit to-day —is "M.L."

13/6 *per bottle*

(Mackinlay's Liqueur) . . . make no mistake. "M.L." has a "Highland Flavour" about it that gives it the lead over all others. It is called *Liqueur* because it *is* a Liqueur Whisky. Age and Highland Flavour make Liqueur, nothing else will. *Taste it!*

MACKINLAY'S
Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY
ML

Blended where it is distilled and bottled where it is blended

If any difficulty in obtaining locally, please write to:

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Distillers and Blenders, Leith and Inverness
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Also
Mackinlay's V.O.B. Scotch Whisky
per **12/6** *bottle*

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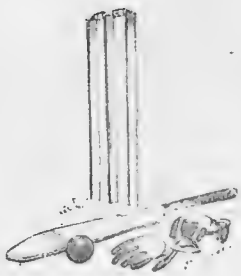

ENERGY to burn . . . enthusiasm . . . life just discovered . . . there is a possibility, though, that he may overdo it, slightly.

He who drinks Horlick's as a habit, not only gathers reserves of energy for use to-morrow—he builds nerve, muscle and brain to serve him well when life grows sterner. Horlick's Malted Milk is the *original* combination of extracts of selected wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk. Have no other.

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"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. VII.—PASSING THE VET.

Femina

THE CALENDAR FASHION

By MRS. M. VINCE

When I was looking at calendars in the shops the other day, I was reminded of the old story of how a man made his money out of mustard. You will remember that when someone said how odd it was that he should have made a fortune from the small amount of mustard that people eat, he replied that he made it from what they left on their plates.

So with calendars. If anyone makes a fortune out of them, it must be not so much out of those which we hang on our walls or stand on our mantelpieces and desks, but out of those, much more numerous, which are put away and are never used.

We all of us receive more calendars than we can possibly use. We most of us send more than we ought. Of course, when we are choosing presents we could not do without them. They fill a gap which otherwise it would be very hard to fill between cards and real presents. They are impersonal. You can buy them cheap. You can buy them expensive. If you don't know what to choose—you buy a calendar. If you are in a hurry—you buy a calendar. If you have forgotten somebody—you buy a calendar. If you are in doubt whether you ought to give a present or not—you buy a calendar. It commits neither giver nor receiver. It can be taken as either a card or a present. It does not necessarily call for a letter of thanks.

The result is, of course, that perhaps only one in twelve of the calendars which swell the postmen's bags at this time of the year ever get used. And when we have set down all the advantages of calendars and examine them honestly, we find that it really comes to this: We buy them either out of laziness or vanity — laziness because we will not trouble to choose something else; vanity because we are not content to be represented by a card which, however beautiful, will only stand for a day or two on the mantelpiece and then be thrown away. We want, without trouble to ourselves, to give something that will be useful and permanent.

But we forget how permanent a thing a calendar is. It will stand in a prominent place in the room for a whole year. It will be looked at nearly every day. It will, in fact, be used much oftener, and last longer, than many much more solid and expensive presents. It ought to be chosen with much more care than we usually give it. It ought to be chosen, which it hardly ever is, with regard to the room in which it is to stand. For these large and brightly coloured calendars, which one sees in greater variety every year, are a very noticeable feature in the room. For a year they will really be a part of its decoration. That is why they ought to be chosen with care.

I was staying once in a very fine old Tudor house with a beautiful panelled dining-room and old portraits on the walls. On the panelling beside the fireplace hung a comic golfing calendar in very bright colours. Because one lives in an old house one need not deny oneself modern comforts and conveniences, but there are some things which one owes it to the house not to have, and I think that a comic golfing calendar among old pictures and panelled walls is one of them.

MAKING A HIT BELOW THE BELT

Mrs. E. J. Riley, who played the part of Mariposa Gilroy in the Accrington Amateur Operatic Society's recent production of "The Marriage Market." This is the twenty-fifth annual performance of the Society, which, each year, devotes the money raised to local charities

"IN A CONTEMPLATIVE FASHION"

Master Gerald Horlick, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Horlick, in pensive mood. Mr. Horlick is the well-known scratch golfer and Captain of the Burnham Beeches Golf Club

I was recently in a sitting-room which had very delicate plain grey walls and delicate water-colours on them. Its calendar was a vivid hunting scene with hounds and men in full cry.

Probably anyone could add to the list of incongruous calendars—calendars of which the subjects do not suit the rooms, or of which the colours are altogether wrong for it.

If a room has already been properly decorated it is much better not to add to its pictures or its colours with an elaborate decorative calendar. One should have rather a plain date card in a silver or leather frame. Calendars, in fact, are really one of the things which one ought to choose for oneself, and not have chosen by some kind acquaintance who does not even know what one's room requires. But it is hardly practical advice to say that we should abandon calendars as presents. No one would follow it. It is better to advise people simply to be more careful in their choice. I have seen, for example, this winter, some very beautiful calendars, some with etchings, some with aquatints; and these are a fairly safe choice. They are unobtrusive, and in most rooms they will be found to fit fairly well with the other decorations.

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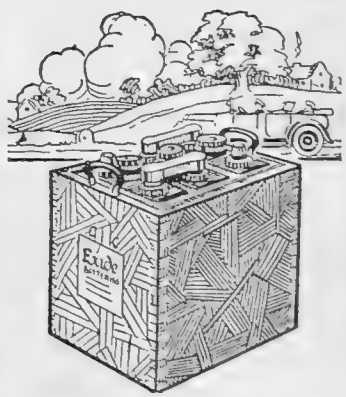

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159, New Bond Street, W.1. Regent 6000.
48, Cheapside, E.C.2. And Branches

A NEW DISCOVERY

Every Well-Groomed Woman Needs

Hair-growth on the face is most disfiguring and makes even a pretty face ugly. Likewise nothing is quite so objectionable as a growth of hair on the arms, under the arms, or visible through a fine cobweb mesh of thin silk stockings. Until the discovery of Veet Cream, women have used scraping razor blades and evil-smelling, irritating chemicals to remove unwanted hair. A razor only stimulates hair growth just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. The Barium Sulphide used in chemical preparations causes red blotches, painful irritations, soreness and skin blemishes. The new Veet Cream does not contain any Barium Sulphide or other poisonous chemicals. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories remove the hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. It has no offensive odour and is as easy to use as a face cream. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/6 from all chemists, hairdressers and stores; also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/- (trial size by post for 6d. in stamps).

DAE HEALTH LABORATORIES
(Dept. 206K),
68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

VEET

Fashion's Fancies

SALE TIME IN TOWN. By MRS. JACK MAY

Exclusive Quality Bargains

THOSE who adminster a dress allowance wisely and well always earmark the two yearly clearances at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, for special attention. The reputation of this house stands so high there is never any fear of inadvertently picking up rubbish. The sale is just a frank clearance of stock, among which will be found many specially tempting offers in the popular knitted suits, a notable example in marle with a practical belted coat dropping to 37*s.* 6*d.*, another rather smarter for town wear, the coat mounted into a deep shaped band, appealing with equal persuasion at 49*s.* 6*d.*; while for 18*s.* 6*d.* there is one of those charming cross-over jumpers of soft wool and silk stripe in a long range of attractive mixtures.

Stockings are always replenished by the provident at a Woolland sale, and it will be well to be early on the scenes to secure some pure silk hose in black and colours and all sizes, that are being cleared at 5*s.* 11*d.* instead of the usual 8*s.* 11*d.* Exceptionally drastic are the reductions in the millinery department, a covetable bargain being a pull-on felt with firm brim and soft crown at 18*s.* 9*d.*, and a felt copy of a Caroline Reboux model in black, navy, brown and cinnamon that has been dropped to 31*s.* 9*d.*

AN ATTRACTIVE WRAP

An attractive evening cloak carried out in citron-yellow embossed velvet lined with gold lamé. The collar is shawl-shaped and hemmed with kolinsky fur, as are the flounce-like hems

Original design by Betty Nisbet

The Sumptuousness of Evening Wraps

FASHIONED of the most gorgeous materials, that include gold and silver *lamé*, a novel glistening fabric made of artificial silk, brocades, velvets, plain and figured, these wraps are surpassingly beautiful. The majority are modelled on voluminous lines, some mounted on to deep yokes, others resolving in deep, circular or gathered *volants* at the hem; but no matter how wide these cloaks are, when worn they assume a more or less slim silhouette. A clever achievement is a circular made of two contrasting coloured velvets, planned so that it may be worn either side out. In two shades of cyclamen, mauve and pink, black and old gold, golden brown and tangerine-orange, this idea is as attractive as it is useful. Albeit it is somewhat costly, the circular cutting into many yards of velvet.

Illustrated is an original example of an evening cloak, carried out in citron-yellow embossed velvet, lined gold *lamé*. This shows one of the approved flounce effects, hemmed with rich brown kolinsky fur to match the elegant shawl-shaped collar, and accompanies a simple evening gown of yellow crepe romain, the light trailing draperies surmounted by an embroidered *motif* of *diamanté* and crystal.

TWO STYLES OF OVER-BLOUSES

The upper figure shows a delightful over-blouse fashioned of crepe de Chine and trimmed with hand-made roses of georgette. Below is seen an over-blouse of embroidered brocade with graceful wing sleeves of georgette

Original design by Betty Nisbet

A Mecca for the House-Proud Woman

A LABOUR of love to the woman who prides herself on keeping her house and all its appurtenances in the pink of perfection is the purchase of new linen and napery at Walpole's, New Bond Street, and Kensington High Street, and throughout January she will have the added satisfaction of replenishing her needs at 25 per cent. below the customary prices, an appreciable reduction when such articles as pure Irish linen hand-woven double damask has to be requisitioned. Walpole's designs are always exclusive, and the goods manufactured from the best flax yarns. Especially attractive and original are the plain damask tablecloths with deep satin border, an Adam scroll pattern being adaptable to either a round or square table.

A limited number of odd lots of table napkins are clearing at great reductions, a similar procedure marking some lines in linen sheets, in which the prices range from 36*s.* 9*d.* the pair. Four special clearing lines of linen pillow-cases are worth quoting, respectively 150 dozen at 2*s.* 11*d.* each, 90 dozen 4*s.* 11*d.*, 100 dozen 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 80 dozen hemstitched, splendid value, 5*s.* 11*d.* each.

Unique Bargains in Coats and Skirts

WHERE all is so good it may seem a little invidious to particularise, but the amazing value in coats and skirts at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., is so remarkable they cannot be passed over lightly. The sale here, by the way, is for three weeks only, so there must be no standing upon the order of a visit if the above-mentioned garments are to be secured. To be found in the third floor section is a tailor-made of that quiet classical style that never dates, built of herringbone suitings, in light and dark grey fawn and brown, the coat lined silk, priced at 55*s.* 9*d.* This, in three sizes, is a really stupendous bargain. A new early spring costume in gabardine, braided to tone, and in a long range of fashionable colours, including black and navy, being offered at the irresistible sum of 84*s.*, a useful wrap skirt in good quality fine tweed and suitings being reduced to 17*s.* 6*d.*

Fine Furs Substantially Reduced

THROUGHOUT the season the Grafton Fur Stores, New Bond Street, have been doing big business with their mole-skin coats and cloaks. Hence the

generous frame of mind in connection with the few surplus models left over. That these will clear easily is a foregone conclusion at such prices as the following. Thus a handsome full-length semi-fitting coat of this pelt, the skins beautifully worked, has been ruthlessly marked down from £40 to £20, a sum that will likewise secure an exceptionally *modish* shorter model, while a long mantle once £75 is dropped to £40. Mole coney is responsible for a particularly *chic* street coat, loose and free of line, trimmed handsomely with American opossum. And there are just three full-length finest quality seal coney models going at £25 instead of the original £42. And all these garments, it will be clearly understood, represent the Grafton Fur Stores' standard value, the same applying to their clearance of little furs, and during the month all renovations will be undertaken at reduced rates.

Two Weeks Only

SHORT and sharp is the sale order at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus, this event starting on Monday, the 7th. No catalogue is being issued, but exceedingly severe reductions are being placed on all surplus stock in every department. Small need to tell those who have had previous experience of the clearances at this old-established house of the stupendous bargains that will be forthcoming. With a reputation second to none in always being in the front van with *modish* novelties, the powers that rule here have perforce to make a complete clearance regardless of cost. And with a big and promising season before them they must needs have room for the on-coming spring display.

An Additional Discount of 5 Per Cent. for Cash

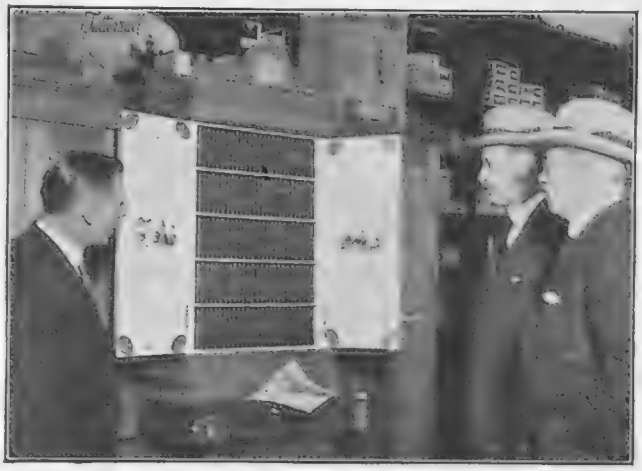
THE genuineness of the clearance at Gooch's, Brompton Road, is made evident by the fact that they have been unable to issue any catalogue, and in view of the speedy disappearance of the goods, they have every reason to expect at the absurd prices asked, they cannot send sale purchases on approval. But they are prepared, on the other hand, to give an extra discount of 5 per cent.—1*s.* in the £—on all cash purchases. All of which is very clear and businesslike, as are the few comprehensive prices mentioned, as, for example, blouses and jumpers in various styles, effected in cotton, georgette and voile, all of which are to go at 7*s.* 6*d.* Millinery, originally fetching from 4½ to 6½ guineas, is priced at 42*s.*, and pure silk hose in tan, nigger and black at 4*s.* 11*d.*

All model gowns for day and evening are greatly reduced, many to half their original price, a special line of speckled hopsack skirts cut on free yet straight lines, with groups of pleats, clearing at 10*s.*, and a smart little curl cloth coat, the belt fastening with novelty clasp in black, beaver, grey and tan at 35*s.* is not to be found every day.

A Sale of Standing

THERE is never any doubt as to the quality of the goods at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, and the sale already in progress there is assured of fulfilling the highest expectations. Much of interest and value obtains in

(Continued on page x)



WILL A CONNOISSEUR WIN THIS CABINET?

The cabinet of 1000 Corona-Corona cigars displayed in Harrod's Wine and Cigar department, which "The Bystander" is presenting to the Actor who heads our Poll of Popularity. Doubtless the experts who are examining it are regretting the fact that they are not candidates in our Election!

Beautiful Users of

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS

the charming and well-known actress, writes:—

Drury Lane Theatre.

Dear Sirs,
I have used your Georgian Soap, Face Powder, and Shampoo Powder, and I have great pleasure in saying they are all most excellent—the powder is most soothing, especially in cold winds and motoring.

Yours truly,
ELLIS JEFFREYS.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. P. BRISTOW & Co. Ltd
Established 1777.
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN SOAP
10d. per Tablet.
Visitor's size Tablet 3d. post free.
BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER
1/3 & 2/6
Send name of your Stores
Make beauty a duty!

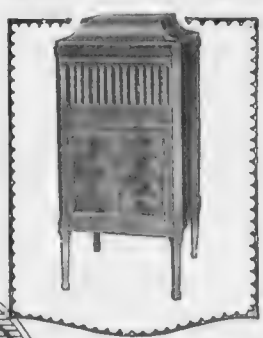
Columbia Records
MAGIC NOTES
TRADE MARK

The New Columbia Grafonola

Sir HENRY J. WOOD says

'I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."

Ask to Hear Columbia "NEW PROCESS" Records—the only Records WITHOUT SCRATCH.



The New COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA is produced in 10 beautiful models from £5 10s. *to* £85. *Write for Art Catalogue, COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.*

Genuine Linen Sale

at Cotton prices!

LINEN SHEETS

B. 121. Exceptional value in heavy-bleached Irish Linen Sheets. Will give every satisfaction.

Size .. 2 x 3½ yds. Price, per pair **53/6**

Size .. 2½ x 3½ yds. Price, per pair **65/7**

HOUSEHOLD CLOTHS

B. 123. Bleached Irish Linen Hemstitched Huck Face Towels with Damask Borders in Various Designs.

Size .. 22 x 38 ins. Price .. 6 for **22/-**

Size .. 24 x 40 ins. Price .. 6 for **24/-**

Send for Illustrated Sales Booklet 44T. Delivery of goods guaranteed, and carriage paid all orders 20/- and upwards in the U.K.

DAMASK CLOTHS AND NAPKINS.

B. 122. Bleached Irish Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins, good wearing quality. Design, Spot Centre and Stripe Border. Suitable for Hotels and Restaurants.

Size .. 2 x 2 yds. Price .. **19/-**

Size .. 2 x 2½ yds. Price .. **23/11**

Size .. 2 x 3 yds. Price .. **28/9**

NAPKINS TO MATCH.

Size .. .. 22 x 22 ins. Price .. .. 6 for **10/6**

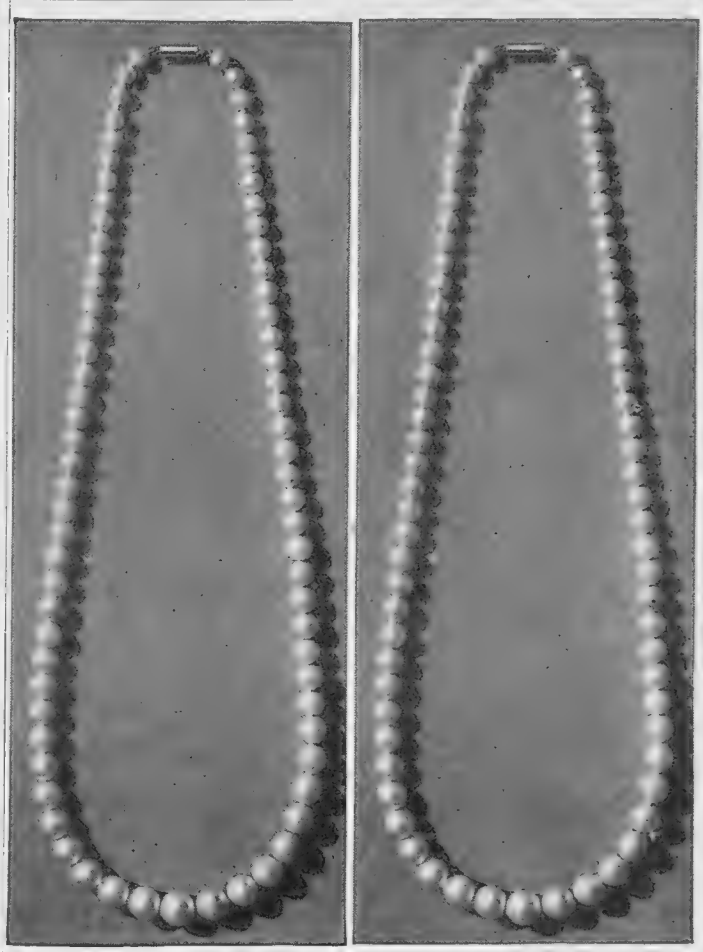
Size .. .. 24 x 24 ins. Price .. .. 6 for **12/4**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

Manufacturers of Irish Linen

BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

Also at Regent St., London, and Church St., Liverpool.



Which is the Real?

This week in the windows of our showrooms we are exhibiting a Ciro Pearl necklet side by side with a necklet of real Oriental pearls. If you are able, we invite you to examine them and endeavour to identify which is which. Or, if not able to visit our showrooms, allow us to send you a necklet of

Ciro Pearls

16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and at your leisure compare them with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference we will refund your money in full.

We have just produced a new handsome booklet No. 7 which fully illustrates and describes our wonderful range of Ciro Pearls. May we send it to you post free?

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 · REGENT · STREET · W.1 · DEPT. 7

48 · OLD BOND STREET · W.1

44 CHEAPSIDE · E.C.2

and

25 CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

the coat department, an always profusely stocked corner of the house, a notable example being a smart street coat in various rich quality materials that has a flare to the skirt, and variously trimmed with flounce, collar and cuffs of pulled coney, nutria or moleskin, reduced to 13½ guineas, a range of charming little chiffon velvet frocks in five designs and a long range of artistic colours being offered at 78*s.* 6*d.*

The "Adele," a particularly handsome teagown adaptable to almost any figure, with long panel back and front of rich metal brocade and long sleeve drapery of silk georgette, is simply dirt cheap at 7½ guineas. Millinery ranges from 21*s.*, and the loveliest French *lingerie*, blouses, petticoats and knitted goods all help to swell the attractions at this very best of sales.

A Sound Scheme

Messrs. Cadbury Bros., who take a not unreasonable pride in the welfare of their workers, have recently inaugurated a new benefit scheme that is being watched with great interest by other big employers of labour. At Bournville, Cadburys have established a welfare fund with a two-fold purpose—to alleviate hardships due to short-time, and to enable employees to share in the firm's prosperity. The sum available each year for the welfare fund will be the actual equivalent of what would be the dividends of a large block of the company's ordinary shares. This scheme, unlike other prosperity-sharing schemes, is not dependent on the profits exceeding a certain percentage on capital. Incidentally, it is worth noting that the low-wage employees reap as much advantage from the benefits as those more highly paid.

A Problem Solved

To those who know South Africa, the Dutch word "veldtschoen" conjures up a picture of a pair of rough farm-made shapeless boots, and a patriarchal Boer farmer standing on his stoep. But to-day, here in England now, the word has another significance. For Lotus, Ltd., the well-known shoe manufacturers, have recently put on the market the Veldschoen waterproof golf shoe, which is the last word in style, comfort and utility. One of its main features is the double upper. A top layer of zug leather (most impermeable of pelts) is protected at every point of its surface from ingress of wet. The juncture with the sole is specially turned and stitched to render it waterproof, and under the outer layer is a second layer of zug leather fastened by horizontal stitching. The Veldschoen waterproof has already won pæans of praise from many of the leading golfers and from devotees of all sorts of outdoor sports.

GONE DRY—BUT ONLY TEMPORARILY!

The huge French Liner "France" in dry dock before being fitted with oil-burning furnaces. When she returns to the Plymouth-New York run in the Spring she will be one of the speediest ships afloat

A New Brand of Chocolates

Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., of Bristol, the well-known chocolate firm, have just introduced a new box of "Grafton" chocolates, which is their latest assortment, and is packed to sell in gift boxes, or loose, at 1*s.* a ¼ lb.

Stored in the Memory

Now that all the worry and trouble of searching for Yuletide presents is a thing of the past, one can, perhaps, sit back leisurely and survey the results somewhat more dispassionately. Thus do we see the tiny advantages in the midst of all that Christmas hurly-burly. And one is that we generally manage to store up, for some future occasion, valuable ideas for little inexpensive gifts, which have often to be got at a moment's notice. Such, for instance, is the new watch-shaped bottle of "4711" cau-de-Cologne, with its sprinkler top, which is so convenient for my ladye's handbag. The uses of "4711" cau-de-Cologne are so well-known as hardly to need enumeration—very few of us have not good reason to be thankful for its soothing qualities in cases of headache and neuralgia, and for its stimulating fragrance in emergencies.

—KIDNEY TROUBLES—

GOUT — RHEUMATISM — ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS

EVIAN-CACHAT

DIETETIC WATER

The SEASON of EVIAN

French side of the Lake of Geneva.

MAY—OCTOBER

GBD

NEW ERA

ALL SHAPES AND SIZES 10/6

The "NO TRUMPER"

This is NOT A FREAK pipe in appearance, but it STANDS UPRIGHT and does not spill the ash.

INDIVIDUALITY

Individuality is the characteristic which stamps a man of reputation: It distinguishes also those articles which are fashioned by men whose skill has been handed on from one generation to another. The individuality of the GBD is the intangible quality which has marked the famous GBD pipes since they were first manufactured over 60 years ago.

We guarantee that the Briar (French Bruyère) is exclusively Genuine Old Briar Root. Each pipe has been subjected to our special hardening and seasoning process: it is supplied in all the best known shapes, and packed in our special 'Pochette' polisher.

These pipes can be obtained from most high-class tobacconists. We will gladly supply you with an illustrated list and the name of your nearest retailer. From friends abroad who cannot obtain our pipes locally we cordially invite enquiries and information as to the nearest importer.

Model No. N.E. 602.

"Quality"

Trade Enquiries to: 38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2.

OPPENHEIMER'S

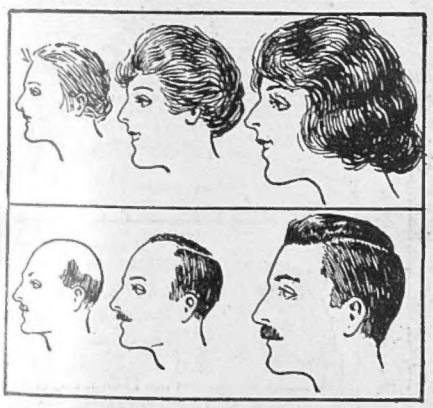
A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO.

GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., successors in the United Kingdom to D. Ritchie & Co.

G.B.16

A REWARD of 100 POUNDS
For bald-headed and beardless.



An elegant growth of beard and hair can be produced when using Comos Hair-Balsam during 8 days. This balsam causes hair and beard to grow on all bald-headed persons or persons with thin hair. "Comos" is the best product of the modern science of this domain, being the only balsam which really produces hair and beard even on persons of old age.

"Comos" brings the dormant Papillæ of the hair to grow again after having been used in a few days, and within a very short time you will have a very vigorous growth of hair. Harmlessness is guaranteed.

If this is not true, we will pay
☞ a net amount of 100 Pounds
to all bald-headed and beardless persons, or persons with thin hair, who have used the Comos-Balsam for three weeks without any result.

One parcel of "Comos" costs £1 0 0, two parcels cost £1 15 0

"Comos" gives to the hair and beard a becoming wave, as well as a soft and delicate texture. It will be sent on application to the head works all over Europe against payment in advance or against cash on delivery. Out of Europe, payment only in advance.

THE COMOS-MAGAZINE Copenhagen V. Denmark 24

DAILY GRAPHIC

FREE MEAL & RELIEF FUND

FOR

HUNGRY WOMEN AND CHILDREN
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One Week Ago

Those teeth had a dingy film

Accept this offer and try for a few days a new teeth cleaning method. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how much it means.

Combat the film

Now your teeth have a viscous film. It clings to teeth, resists the tooth brush, enters crevices and stays there.

Food stains, etc., discolour it. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose lustre.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

Became alarming

So few escaped tooth troubles that conditions became alarming. Then dental science sought ways to fight film.

Two effective methods have been found. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring. Both were embodied in a new-type tooth paste, called Pepsodent. Now that tooth paste has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

Aids Nature too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Watch these effects for a few days. You will quickly see and feel them.

Send for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Sold in two sizes—2/- & 1/3.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1247

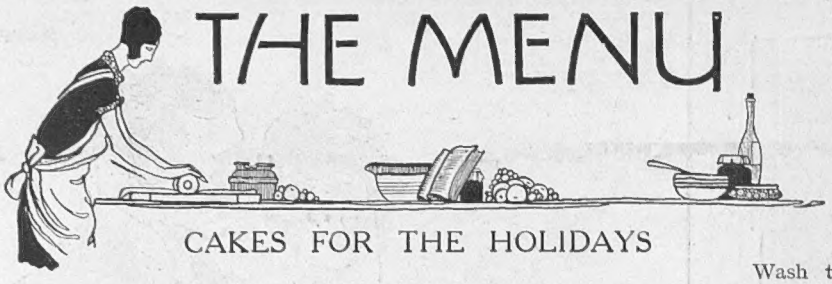
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153) 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander*, 9/1



THE MENU

CAKES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Almond Cake (Rich)

BLANCH and pound thoroughly 8 ozs. of sweet and 1 oz. of bitter almonds. Then add six tablespoonfuls of white sugar and eight eggs. Work in six tablespoonfuls of flour and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat a ½ lb. of fresh butter to a cream and add the mixture gradually. Beat the whole time, or the cake will be heavy. Put the mixture into a well-greased mould, lined with paper, allowing room for the cake to rise. Bake in a quick oven for thirty to fifty minutes, but be careful it does not burn.

Caramel Cake

One gill of butter, two gills of sugar, one gill of milk, three gills of flour, the whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar together, stir in the flour and milk alternately, lastly the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in round this about one inch thick. When baked and cool, place one above another, with jam and whipped cream between the layers and ice with caramel frosting which is made as follows:— Three gills of icing sugar, one gill of cream, one tablespoonful of butter. Boil all together, stirring to prevent burning, until a little dropped in cold water makes a moderately hard ball. Stir a few minutes off the fire. Then pour over the cake, spreading if necessary with a warm wet knife.

Christmas Cake

Quarter of a pound each of raisins, sultanas, currants, butter, flour and castor sugar, three eggs. Buy the stoned raisins, and rub the sultanas and currants well. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. Then stir in by degrees one whole yolk of egg, and the yolks of two mixed in with the flour. Add the fruit, one dessertspoonful of brandy, and lastly the whites of the eggs well whisked. Have ready a tin greased and lined with buttered paper. Bake till well coloured.

Shortbread Fingers

Wash thoroughly 1 lb. of butter till all the salt is out, and rub it into 2 lbs. of flour, into which ¾ lb. of castor sugar has already been mixed. Roll it till it is rather over half an inch thick. Nip it up all round the edges, and bake in a slow oven for about thirty minutes. Cut it into fingers one inch wide and three inches long *before it cools*. This shortbread is very good.

Jumbles

Rub ¼ lb. of butter into ½ lb. of flour. Add ½ lb. of granulated sugar and the grated rind of a lemon and mix to a stiff paste with one beaten egg. Roll with the hands into a ball. Take out pieces, roll into lengths and twist into fancy shapes. Bake till crisp in a moderate oven.

Cocoanut Cakes

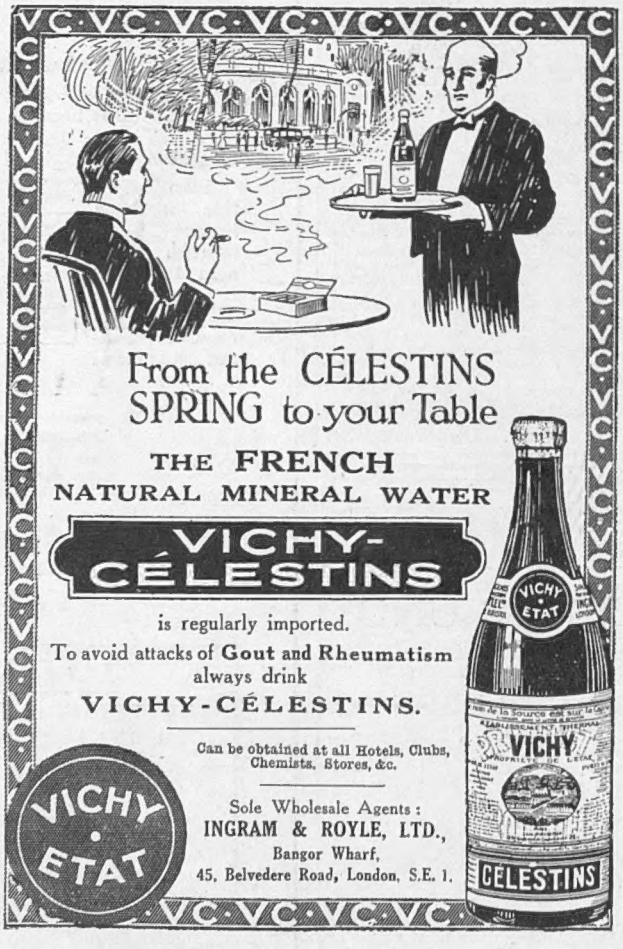
Mix a ¼ lb. of desiccated cocoanut with a ¼ lb. of granulated sugar, beat up the whites of two eggs until quite stiff. Pile up into small greased tins, and bake till slightly brown in a fairly quick oven. The cakes should be crisp.

Ginger Cake

Quarter of a pound of butter, 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of golden syrup, 1 oz. of ginger, ¼ lb. of brown sugar, two beaten-up eggs. Mix one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a small teacupful of warm water. Melt the butter and syrup together. Add flour, sugar and ginger mixed together. Then add the eggs, and lastly the soda. Bake in two medium-sized flat tins. Bake in a slow oven for one and a half to two hours. The *slow oven* is the secret of success.

EMILIA

BY APPOINTMENT.
LET Carters TESTED SEEDS SUPPLY ALL YOU NEED FOR THE GARDEN AND LAWN.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
POST FREE ON APPLICATION.
James Carter & Co.
SEEDSMEN TO H.M. THE KING.
RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.
BRANCHES:
237 & 238, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
53a, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.



for amusement and profit learn to play the Saxophone
Booklet No. 6 contains full particulars and terms—
HAWKES & SON,
Denman St., LONDON, W.1.

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Lieut-Col. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES
Specially Trained against BURGLARS for LADIES' GUARDS
From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

Daily Graphic
PRICE - - ONE PENNY

GREY HAIR
HINDES HAIR TINT
tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 the Flask.
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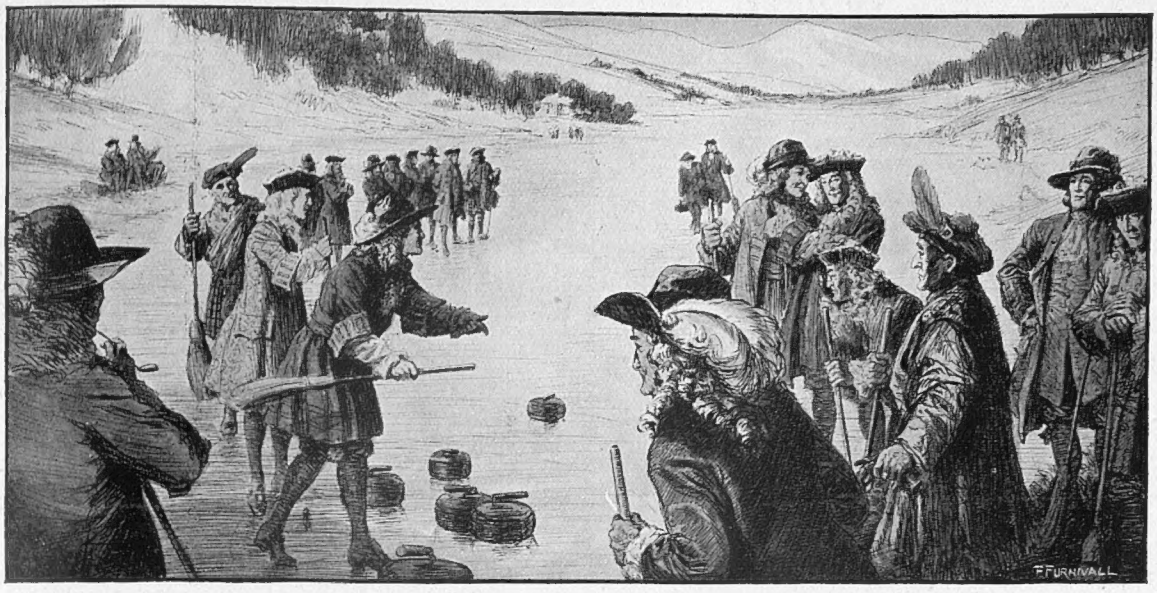

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